

Trudeau's
new woes

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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IRAN BOILS AGAIN



Whither the common spirit in the shaft-thy-neighbor Common Market?

By Peter Lewis

After rapping for centuries to the sound of cannon, the great battles of Europe are being fought these days over nation chaps, word matters and the size of sheep in Silesia. The European Economic Community (EEC), the world's mightiest trading bloc, is increasingly falling victim to internal bickering and backstabbing over matters that would normally seem about as worthy fueling for its a pumchored boilers.

With unemployment slanting throughout the nine member EEC, and individual governments trying to stabilize their most exposed industries from the shock of recession, protectionism has reached an unprecedented high in a market founded 32 years ago on the principle of free trade. Replacing the common spirit of aill and the choppy but steady progress that followed Britain's entry in 1973 is a central shaft-thy-neighbor policy which, in 1979 alone, has seen:

- France slanting its doors on British lamb and then denying, as no other country has yet dared to do—a European Court of Justice acquiescence to lift the ban. (The EEC has no way of enforcing its rulings.)

- West Germany stopping Dutch pork from entering the country on the pretext that it failed to meet German sanitary standards.

- Britain chasing French shrimp boats out of its waters for using setting nets deemed too narrow and preventing Dutch and Danish trawlers from fishing in some waters.

- France pouring open a technicality to freeze cheap Italian woolen goods out of the EEC market.

"It's gotten so bad that a country will hand its neighbor before the court for a penicillin just to get even—no even worse—to deflect attention from its own infatuations," said EEC spokesman Martin Vassiy, who predicted that relations within the community in the name of political and/or economic expediency would only increase next year, when the EEC's growth rate is expected to sink from three to two per cent.

The argument between the old enemies in the community—France and Britain—has deepened to an increasingly petty depth: It is Britain's unfairness to pay more into the EEC kitty than any

other country while getting less in return than either France or West Germany. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's bid to obtain cuts in Britain's contribution this year has been greeted sympathetically by all Common Market nations save France, which not only rejects London's arguments and professes to doubt its figures, but somehow manages to corner the idea



that if the British were dumb enough to get into the mess in the first place they richly deserve to wriggle.

But the French accuse London, on the other hand, of importing cheap New Zealand meat to satisfy home demand in such a manner as to leave British lamb free to fetch higher prices on the risk continental market.

In an emotional response to the accusation, Britain's new farm machine, Peter Walker, informed his French counterpart that if he persisted in harping about New Zealand law he had better "look at the conditions of your country for the thousands of graves of New Zealanders who gave their lives in two world wars for France."

The Frenchman was stung into a re-

sponse that went unrecorded in the British press, so neatly did it turn the rejoinder around at Walker: "We know about the graves but why are dead heroes in public meat?"

All this would be schoolboy stuff if it weren't for the gigantic interests at stake and the noble sentiments concerning European unity, pronounced with unquestioned regularity by the likes of France's Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and Thatcher.

Most insiders allow that the situation would improve if Europe straightened out its cumbersome farm policy which

subsidies up 70 per cent of its current budget on subsidy payments, breeds a good half of community disputes, and threatens to bankrupt the EEC by 1981 if the present rate of expenditure continues. The year 1980 holds another jolt for EEC officials who already see the Common Market on the slide because of the current squabbles. Greens will join the community that year, sealed later by Spain and Portugal.

"If you can imagine a country like Portugal getting along on equal terms with the wealthy Germans, pretty much and slapping Britain you believe that Cindarella can turn into a princess," said 660 aide Willy Helin, only to add with a shrug "But maybe Europe's already a messle as it stands." ☐

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Exile in her own write

PORTRAIT


By Mandy McDonald

Gallant, the littlest slip of pencil lines

Margaret Atwood had not cared for the photograph which showed her seated in her apartment with her arms crossed, looking at the camera with a serious expression. She regarded the media's interest in her life as a sign of some attention she didn't want. She was not a collector's show, she had been told. She regarded the media's interest in her life as a sign of some attention she didn't want. She was not a collector's show, she had been told. She regarded the media's interest in her life as a sign of some attention she didn't want. She was not a collector's show, she had been told.

of the wounded doe look," she joked with the photographer, a first-time portrait subject of sorts, who was fawning with his tripod and the temperamental autumn light. Although she never wore anything but the best of discreet Parisian tailoring, she had put on a pair of red shoes for the occasion, just in case he would the point.

She had passed up her favorite dinner, a day at the races, for this thing she detested most — letting others try to pin her down in shadows of light and cold type. From her earliest memory

she had dreamed at the home which had struggled to hold her. She had spent the better part of her 57 years as the run—from parents, teachers, bosses, men, the whole variegated "them" who made up the experience society had for her as a woman, and later as a writer. She had made male her trade—her calling card in literature as well as life. The characters who peopled her fiction all seemed to be on the lam from an uncertain past, hovering between their current present in some alien, disappointing Eden and a future they would just as soon not think about.

But if there was something tragic shadowing them, there was nothing of the sort about herself. She wore her courage and good spirits as Frenchmen sported their red rosettes of the *Légion d'honneur*—to be noted. "My life was my own revelation," she once wrote of another girl who was not unlike her own 16-year-old self. It was not entirely coincidental that, nearly 30 years ago, at the age of 28, she had chosen the way station of her life: escape to France, a country that had sheltered so many other rebels.

In those three decades she had produced more than 100 short stories and two novels which were read in some of the best in Canada—indeed, which some critics ventured to class as the country's best. But through it all, she had somehow remained an outsider to what she lived in order to be "the Canadian literary critic." Whether it was because she had retreated behind the protective anonymity of a Paris address or because she had dared to publish in *The New Yorker* magazine and under an American pseudonym, her name was almost unknown in the country that her passport and affections still called home. In Canada she had won no prizes, her stories were seldom anthologized, and trying to find her writing in a bookstore was like attempting to locate a particularly arcane 17th-century manuscript.

One of her most recent books was late in getting to the shelves because the Canadian branch of her publisher, because simply forgot to order it. From the U.S. she didn't complain. "It's my business to write books, not to sell them," Gallant noticed that her few surprise reviews were precisely Canadian. She spent her time alternately dodging the



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Frontlines

Canadian literary missionaries who were determined that attention would be paid her, then giving it and inviting them round for sherry.

Now, since a Toronto publisher had won over her Canadian rights—releasing her latest collection of short stories, *From the Fifteenth District* (see review page 15)—with appropriate fanfare—there had been, as critic Robert Weaver noted in the *Toronto Star*, “something of the air of discovery.” After 30 years and seven books, Mavis Gallant found with some amazement that her native land had just rediscovered her. The story was not lost on her, especially since the Canadian edition was an exact facsimile of the American, with some local critical correspondence tacked on the back cover. But this time the reviews had been intelligent, except for one sole of Montreal criticism, from which she shrinks, remembering: “After all, let’s not lose our heads. It’s only a book of short stories.”

She was feeling indulgent when a reporter called, and glad as ever to play hooky from the third draft of her enormous study on Alfred, Dreyfus, the young Jewish officer who was wrongly tried for selling French army se-



crets at the end of the last century. Since starting it in 1975, she had rewarded herself with mornings off for fiction and from those truant days had come two volumes of short stories, including *From the Fifteenth District*,

and her first play, a comedy which London's Royal Shakespeare Company was planning to stage. “I had to do something else,” she said. “You can’t just immerse yourself in all the terrible things they do to Jews all day. At the end you want to go out and kill them all, even the victims.”

She had capitalized in an interview, but not easily. “Be warned,” she said up the stairs, “there’ll be no dress-besing.” Her apartment was small, airy and unexpectedly modern. Mavis Gallant had moved there 15 years earlier after growing around Europe. It was the apartment of a remarkably frugal spartan—fresh flowers bloomed in every line of vision, polished stones and silver horns spelling Dreyfus, postcards studied the tablecloth, and good art used for wall-space with books here, a rare short-story cover by Picasso for Igor Stravinsky’s *Ragtime*; there, hidden behind a door, a priceless front page from *L’Aurore* bearing Emile Zola’s legendary cry against the Dreyfus case: “J’accuse.”

On a lone polished fruitwood table, her portable electric typewriter sat like another relic, too long-looking to produce the deadly snarl of phrase

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which trapped these small moments between the lines of life as mordant suspended motion. In her work, she had a deadly eye for the significant detail—the frayed cuffs of a coat, the tell-tale dip of a small breast, which would seem critics compare her to Jane Austen, whose *Pride and Prejudice* was on an end table. But in her life, the anecdotes were tempered with impish generosity and the lusty punctuation of laughter. The face that was once beautiful was still sensual, and she would weigh an Eskimo carving or finger a listener's scarf, as if trying to fix the texture for future reference.

Everything seemed an airtight for her still—the seeds of some short story were in a notebook in hasty scribbles on the way home from a movie—and she never hesitated to mock herself. But her unapologetic growing-up tales for French readers provided the perfect camouflage to look at her. Few would guess that she was a writer.

She had begun retype the Dreyfus manuscript that morning with a key to pickling it over years, finding a seven-year effort which she had once imagined as two. But she had read the history books, found them boring and had dug back into the 40,000 trial documents and found them spine-chilling. Finally, she had drawn on her old reporter's instincts and gone out to interview the man of the post, only to discover that she was the first person to think of it. "Dreyfus' daughter is still alive and no one had ever bothered to talk to her," she murmured still.

Only one woman refused to see her, the daughter of a villain in the press, who said she never received Presidents in her home. When Gallant took the bait, but phoned back the next morning and said, "Madame, you are perfectly right not to see me. I am divorced, I drink, I gamble. I am not at all respectable. But not for the reason you give me."

Last winter, on another mission from the Dreyfus office, she dashed off a 10-scene drama—a send-up of youthful Marxism and wartime Montreal called *What Is to Be Done?*, which is in no small way a poke at her own earnest socialist adolescence. Granted as a director's drama, it was scheduled for staging this season in Quebec, but production has been delayed. "If I had known how easy it was," she said, "I'd have done it long ago."

Writing had always come to her as naturally as breathing. As a child in Montreal she had retreated into books from a reality which was often too painful to grasp, or later too painful to let



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the only child of two mismatched Anglophone parents, she was sent off to a convent boarding school, which apprenticesed in exorcising and archaic forms of Jesuit discipline. It set the tone for all her future novels and marked her forever as an outsider, the only English Protestant in a class of Quebec Catholics who never forgave her for rejecting her lessons in *l'ancien français*.

Straddling two cultures, she emerged with a unique perspective on the province, dominating equally the staid, French idiom in their "dark dens," and the loftily cocooned English, for whom "the rest of the continent, Canada included, barely existed." Even to-

day, Lisette More was torn from her roots at the age of 39 by her father's death and propelled on a latter-day bond of convenience of 17 schools in eight years. At 18 she finally fled the bondage of dependency and New York for a roomier hotel, unnamed Montreal where she tried but failed to uncover the truth of her father's unexplained passing, which may or may not have been suicide. Like her author, too, Lisette worked at a tedious wartime clerical job, joined the National Film Board and finally landed a coveted job at a newspaper, as Marie Gallant herself had done in 1964 at the *Montreal Star*, where she worked for six years as a feature writer.



day she had mixed feelings for everyone except René Lévesque—"that little blue."

That all abandoned terrain surfaced in a series of short stories she published in *The New Yorker* magazine as yet another spare away from the *Éprouvés* book four years ago. She had just forbidden herself from slipping into any more fiction when she was shaken awake one dawn by forgotten voices. When you're a creative person and you try to turn up your imagination," she said, "it has a way of going under. In the course of reconstructing the Paris of the 1890s and this other man's life, my own childhood in that other lost Montreal seeped up." The stories are remarkable not only for their poignant evocation of a Montreal that no longer exists, but for the real map they offer to a private Marie Gallant which has always been governed by "no trespassing" signs.

Their central character is Lisette More, a girl who, she has admitted, "is obviously close to me"—a kind of summary of some of the things I once was. In real life I was far more violent and much more impulsive and not nearly so reasonable."

Like the girl who was born Marie

Gallant in her Paris apartment penthouse. Brown and the publication of *Éprouvés*

She loved the freedom, but at 28 when plans for a Montreal Press Club revealed that women would not be allowed, she realized that the poet's company of the bar where she had finally felt at home "had never really lived up, after all." The Lisette More stories ended there, but Marie Gallant moved on, announcing she was going to be a writer. A colleague challenged her, saying it was either like calling oneself an architect without building a house, so she penned a short story out of dozens she kept in her father's Edwardian genre basket and mailed it off to *The New Yorker*. They said it was too specifically Canadian, but asked for another.

She sent them something called *Madeline's Birthday*, set in Connecticut, and with that cheque, a gift airline ticket from an Air Canada 20 man and \$500 from the *Shondra's* publisher, she took flight on a route from which she has never returned. Today she can still recall precisely who had encouraged her and who hadn't, among the latter Morley Callaghan to whom she had been introduced at 24. "He told me it was a good

thing I had a job, that I'd never make a writer, he could see just by talking to me that I didn't have it." Years later in Paris, when he was congratulating himself on his part in her success, she was only too kind to set the record straight. Her door ever since has been open for young writers, not without some betrayals, but she urged them all to strike out on their own brave paths, forgetting money. "I own nothing. What you see is all there. I do not wish to be told."

She had forged her freedom, not without price, but not forsaking the rich tapestry of old cherished friends and the delights of Paris life either. Long after her departure in Montreal from a *Worshiper* magazine named Jules Gallant whom she had once supported, she said that if she had stayed in Canada, she would have turned into one of those "imitative housewives who listen to *Radio-Canada* while she does the ironing and reads all the new books still in their jackets. But I would never counsel a woman to do without warmth in her life," she said.

Her French friends had never read her work, and one day when the upstairs devil's wife told her in the elevator that her daughter, who lived in America, knew of Marie Gallant, she was affronted at this loss of anonymity. "I regarded it as the worst sort of personal intrusion." She likes to keep her distance—only impatient with Canadians who think the geographic separation for discomfort. Last week's clippings from the Montreal *Gazette* haughtily put from her kitchen bulletin board, and she has lifelong friends trained to send her editorial bear sheets and gossip.

The most perceptive observers, she says the country more clearly, were moved, just as her *Éprouvés* mission given her a lucid and searing overview of French society, where she sees the anti-Semitism of the *Éprouvés* case re-emerge in the updated vocabulary of the New Right. "In 30 years," she said, "I have never been able to take them seriously."

The photographer clicked the shutter for one last frame. An image was etched in time. He presented a "very bold photo," but Marie Gallant suspected she wouldn't like it. It would not be a true likeness of her, for all images were bound to fall short of the whole truth—to be evoked from some ideal image we all carry of the world or of ourselves. As she wrote once of the work she had chosen "All the business of getting life through a sieve and then discarding it was another variety of waste. I knew that even then, but it seemed quite rich and perfectly natural." ☐

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Frontlines

A musical on your doorstep

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ERIC NAYLOR



The Bucks: Birthdays, always Birthdays

birthday bachelors "in the executive offices of the Bay stores, at restaurant parties and houses in the suburbs," sings Connie, the soprano. "We got 88 songs, really—anything. From 'Ten Wishes' to her scratchy songs, and songs that ask 'How about a date?' But it's always Birthdays."

Indeed. Between them, Toronto's nearly half-dozen musical telegraphers estimate they sing for their supper about 180 times a week, mostly always at birthdays. Most of them aren't old enough to remember hand-delivered telegrams, much less the singing variety to them, the Morse key is the one in which you sing your songs. But they have copied their pageboy notes from old movies and their style from Sun



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Not do the poor. Tele-Tunes come "by fact or by phone," but most clients pay \$10 to bring out the sisters in their page-boy suits of white and green with gold braids and puffed hats. Over the phone, the fee is \$10, but then you don't get to keep the "telegram" with your special lyrics. *Awaj* points out "Each. They can take four hours to write," Connie—who also sews the costumes—laughs.

But the business is diversifying: The sisters recently sang thanks for a dinner party. "The Caesar salad was terrible, the champagne divine, truly, we had a great time," written *Awaj*. They're off once to deliver best wishes at a wedding reception—though they won't do stunts.

Apologies are a big seller for Metro Union-Singap. Telegrams were named after Cookie Scotchman. "Though we never had out what they're apologizing for, it's fascinating women always send them to men, never the other way around." For singing-telegram junkies loved by the name, old songs and dances, Cookie's limbs twist in funny ways to deliver Gorkilagrams. "Just last week, I delivered a Birthday Gorkilagram in the middle of the NDP election at Queen's Park. They were very polite, but few of them stopped singing dinner to watch. They're a bigger hit in Metro high schools: they were a hit for a while. Kids would pool their \$10 to have a Gorkilagram delivered in the middle of class—and then all stopped to watch."

"People like Tele-Tunes because when they can't get there, the girls can," says Victoria Hyndman, who manages the sisters and, for an extra \$10, delivers them to engagements beyond downtown Toronto. "People will always spend money for a good gimmick," she says, noting that business is growing even though Tele-Tunes isn't in the phone book. "Queen, I guess. Or just that, while flowers fade, you never forget a moment on your doorstep."

By Susan Dierker



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Masters of the mountains


AP/WIDE WORLD

defending their shrub (tribal territory) has been subsumed into a resilient adaptability to a long string of different masters.

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's visit this week marks the redecoration of the Sinai, after 32 years of Israeli occupation, as well as the second anniversary of his peace pilgrimage to the Knesset in Jerusalem. But the prospect of so much visiting gold leads only a shrug from a wrinkled, weathered bedouin in his mid-40s. "We lived under the British. We lived under the Egyptians, and we lived under the Israelis," he said. "Now we shall live again under the Egyptians. The Bedouins will always be here." Although they are Egyptian citizens, the 7,000 South Sinai tribesmen regard themselves as a people apart. Sadat is just one more in the line of alien rulers.

The Bedouins have prospered under the Israeli occupation. The Jebelays own 150 vans, jeeps and trailers where previously they had none. Most of the men in southern Sinai, the nomads as well as the more settled, have found jobs—in

Bedouin transport, modern and ancient in South Sinai no strangers to hardship.

the administration, in tourism or in the resort towns and villages built by the Israelis along the Gulf of Aqaba from Sharm el-Sheikh to Eilat. They eat more meat and vegetables with their staple pita (flat bread) and rice than they did before. Their sons go to primary school and an army doctor is on hand to treat their life.

At first they duck the question of how they will fare under the Egyptians. Reporters are suspect and even dangerous. Mohammed, who runs a lucrative tourist café, answers over sweet tea served in Pampas cups. "The Bedouins never think about the future. If we did, we would stop being Bedouins."

But all diplomacy aside, the Bedouins are resigned to a drop in living standards. The news from Wadi Feiran, which was returned to Egypt in September, is discouraging. The new administration has slashed all the workmen—not to victims those employed by Israel, but simply because the nature of the bureaucracy will change. But the Bedouins, who have mixed memories of the Egyptian garrisons that served here before the 1967 war, are relieved to hear that in the south

Bedouins in North Sinai, at El Arish, the distance tips with the news on the road.

By Eric Silver

The young Bedouins lead by well-fed camel across the granite and sandstone scrub below Mount Sinai and tether it to a discarded engine block in a line of four-wheel-drive Dodge vans. The vehicles, like the camels, belong to the Jebelays tribesmen—nomads in Bedouin who live in the Sinai highlands which Israel this week will return to Egyptian control. Camels and trucks, side by side, symbolize the marriage of the ancient nomadic culture to 20th-century technology. Instead of sheep being herded from grazing to water hole, water is now hauled to the sheep by truck. And the young camel-herd is no innocent son of the desert—he demands money in a wily, grizzled way, before sitting still for photographers.

Before turning to mechanized transport, the Bedouins had come to symbolize the romance of the desert, with their camel caravans strung out over inhospitable sands. And although most of them have settled down, their legendary instincts for survival seem still intact. The ferocity they once displayed in


AP/WIDE WORLD

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Frontlines

there has been no hustling out of "collaborators."

For all their evanescence and romantic half-truths, the Bedouin are consummate realists and they are taking out whatever insurance policies they can. "The Bedouin are involved in two economies," explains Emanuel Nara, professor of anthropology at Tel-Aviv University. "They make their income from wage labor, but they know that in a short-term gain they can lose it at any time, through political upheaval or old age. So they maintain the second economy too. They tend their flocks, cultivate fruit and vegetable gardens, and retain a tribal framework and relations with kin who will look after them if times are bad. They balance the two economies very delicately. When they feel secure, they put less work into their flocks and orchards. When they feel less secure, they put more. But they never neglect the basic economy altogether."

The balance tilts with the news, and the tilting is usually prompt because the Bedouin are voracious radio buffs. Since the Sadat initiative of 1977 they have been augmenting their flocks, investing more time and money in their walled gardens, installing plastic pipes to carry water from the wells to the pomegranates, olives, almonds and walnuts. They are stockpiling spare parts for their vehicles, buying wrecks to refurbish, fattening their camels on the sage-green shrubs sprouting after the first autumn rains.

In the Jebelija village the rains have freshened the pungency of dunged goat droppings, smoky kachuma stoves, cooking fires and cigarettes rolled from green Turkish tobacco. We sit on a thin foam mattress in the fading light, drink bitter coffee and ponder the future. "I shall get by," beams Ahmed, a sharp Bedouin of about 30 in suede shoes, pressed trousers and Israeli jacket, who introduces himself as a driver, a mechanic and a ram (a labor contractor). He probably will get by though it may well mean taking his enterprise into town.

The older men are more philosophical. The Israeli episode is almost over. The Egyptian episode is remaining. It will be harder, but they are no strangers to hardship. They will see to their own physical maintenance, making do with what they can. And if the Egyptians don't provide schools and clinics they will be sorry, but there is nothing they can do about it. "What did the boys do before the Israeli built the school?" I ask. "They ran on the mountains like the goats," chuckles Salim. And what will they do if there is no school? "They will run again on the mountains like goats." ☺

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A taste for the finer things.

Eric Nicol's joys and pains—of humor

By Paul Groscoe

Eric Nicol's first play ran 38 years. The 1942 premiere at the University of British Columbia stirred the ideas of Lester Kinslake, Norman Campbell and Arthur Hill (who all graduated to prominence in the entertainment world) in the raucous sex farce that gifted engineer Joe Beef against English Professor Blackish for the hand of the hennin Canadiana. With lines that stood up surprisingly well, *Her Seven Men Lower* was performed at the university once a year, every year, to raise some money for the Players Club. A few years ago the club sent the author a cheque for three decades' worth of royalties—\$18.

The amount didn't surprise Nicol,

who once wrote: "A beginning Canadian playwright is a depressing sight—like watching a intergalactic set off across the freeway." Since then the Vancouver humorist has written seven professionally produced plays, most of them comedies, and he still believes that the lot of the downstage playwright is an laughing matter. His *Lake Parkers Lake Park* was well enough liked in Canada but when it played Broadway as *A Minor Adjustment* in 1963, the New York critics declared it a major disaster. In 1973 *Pillar of Salt* proved an infamous as its title. It started crumbling at a National Arts Centre run in Ottawa before collapsing altogether in Vancouver. And earlier that month the New Play Centre and Westcoast Actors' production of his latest comedy, *Free at Last*, was playing in

Nicol's home town to good reviews. Fortunately, at 58, with a couple of stridenta behind him, Eric Nicol will consider writing plays a diverting game that he can treat as a hobby. His real work is in print, on bookshelves, and there he is Canada's longest running wit. In 40 years of comic writing he has scattered millions of words in countless newspaper columns and in 24 books, three of which have won the Leacock Medal for the year's best work of humor. His three-weekly column appears in the Vancouver Province and five other Canadian newspapers. His latest book, *The Joy of Hockey*, has sold 30,000 hard-back copies and is still moving briskly. The New York Times described an earlier work, *Recess, Anytime*, as "unapologetic slapstick that shows no sign of shrinkage." Fellow justice Robertson Davies (*The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks*) once wrote of Nicol: "He has made all of Canada laugh; that part of Canada, that is, which can laugh—by tossing the lightest and most prurient turned jokes at us from the further side of the Rockies."

Admittedly, many of the jokes he knows fall flat on their faces ("The girl's name was Paylin, but she was known to Phyl—a challenge I was eager to meet"). When he connects he can frequently sally or disturbingly satirical. Wielding pens ("In Central Park you can't see the books for the trees"), aphorisms ("Nothing infuriates a drunk more than an overt display of tact"), and limericks ("Canada changed its identity in over-diminishing circles till it finally disappeared on its own aspirations") like his own, American humorist Robert Benchley, he is a chronicler of Sherman's crises, the escape artist, the pet politician, the social menace of the savage onen, the utter dispensability of the first-time father. Like another of his favorites, Washington columnist Art Linkswiler, he can also be trenchantly political without being partisan, as in a recent column where he mocked those businessmen who don't want Canada to criticize her influential trading partners for human rights violations: "When the minister has money pending in his pockets, it drowns out the bells of St. Mary's, the Peace Tower chimes, and Joe Clark's Jimmy Cricket watch."

Nicol's column has yellowed since the time he was sued successfully for libel and charged with contempt of court after writing a capital punishment parable about James "planning the murder" of a condemned man. That

Nicol: savage, cynical, Ensignman and the warbler with money piping in his pockets



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1964 case is still cited in free-speech debates. However, his kind of offbeat humor column is dying, he says, as its practitioners age and the younger comedy writers prefer the rush of television. "I'm not sure my column is even understood by younger people, because of the language problem. I write in English," side-gapped teeth emerge as he smiles, "and they're trained in the visual medium."

In several best-selling books he has

collaborated with some of Canada's finest cartoonists—Ray Peterman, Sid Baras, Peter Whitley. His own long oval of a face is a cliché for caricaturists with its conspicuous ears, sunken eyes and a nose he refers to as a Roman aqueduct. Working out of his white stone house hidden behind evergreens in residential Vancouver, Eric Nicol has the lowest profile of any professional humorist in the country. His idea of a good time is gardening or cycling. He's

extraordinarily shy, refusing to promote his books on talk shows, banking out on people's names and faces at the parties he so seldom attends. "I'm a loner," he says with a straight face. "I'm so egocentric, so involved with myself as an introverted personality that I'm subhuman."

At the University of British Columbia, where he majored in French (honors), Nicol would stick into the student newspaper office, hand his humor column to editor Pierre Berton, then settle out. The column—still remembered as one of the funniest ever to appear in the *Vancouver Sun*—was signed with a pseudonym, *Isidore*, which he translates from the Hebrew as "he will give pain."

For three peaceful years in the rear during the Second World War, Nicol was a sergeant with the job of producing and writing servicemen's variety shows for a Calgary radio station. After the war he worked on sea at 1307, then moved to the Serbonne, and from there sent columns home to the Province Radio personality Bernie Braden of Vancouver invited him to London to work on a new BBC radio show—a go-around series that became the immensely popular show *Breakfast With Braden*.

A year later a lonely Nicol came home to become a staff columnist and a shameless free-lancer who would write anything from funny restaurant menus to sketches for *Sylvia Chase*. In 1955 he married a 360-beachwoman named Myri and their nine-month, 21-country honeymoon produced his third *Lancet* award winner, *Girdle Me in Globe*. After raising two daughters and a son in the turbulent '60s, Nicol wrote his boldest book, *Letter to My Son*. In it an alcohol-soaked, divorced 38 man details his several escapades and tries to deal with a wild teen-aged son suffering from the excesses of the decade. Doubleday wouldn't touch it—"all those nice old ladies who've been buying your books for Christmas will be upset"—and although Macmillan of Canada published *Letter*, the dust jacket carried the warning "Connections may prove hazardous to any preconceived idea of us Eric Nicol book."

Two years ago Nicol and his wife separated. His most recent play, *Free or Lost*, is about a forlorn, middle-aged, separated man desperately seeking a relationship with "today's woman." Nicol now has his two grown daughters and 16-year-old son living with him. He has toyed with the idea of writing a play about the phenomenon of grown children returning home to live with their parents. As Eric Nicol, humorist, says: "I know where'd I screen." ♦

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A tale for the telling

"It's the great song again," Homer intones the Muse in the opening lines of *The Odyssey*. But for more than 2,000 years the great Greek epic poems have remained obscure, surviving only as literary texts for classics and college freshmen. All that is about to change.

American ballad singer Richard Dyer-Bennet has undertaken a project that may prove as formidable as *Odyssey's* journey home. With the help of a

\$180,000 U.S. government grant he is plunging to record, on 38 albums, an English-language version of all 24 books of *The Odyssey*. No one has ever attempted the monumental task in English, Greek or any other language. "Poetry has become something to read with the eye, not hear with the ear," says Dyer-Bennet. "I want to revise the Homeric tradition of performing poetry."

Dyer-Bennet is not new to the stage

Dyer-Bennet at 'all-Homer' performance in Washington. *Odyssey* and the gods alive.

Since the 1940s he has been known as a folk singer in the Woody Guthrie/Lendell tradition and as a music scholar. He has loved the stories of Homer ever since his grandmother read them to him when he was a child. But it wasn't until he encountered Harvard classmate Robert Fitzgerald's translation of *The Odyssey* that he ever considered recording the epic. Says Dyer-Bennet, "Homer's great epic poem was given form by the voice and not the pen. Homer spoke it, he did not write it. Robert Fitzgerald's splendid translation is, similarly, best perceived by the ear. It is the finest piece of verbal material for a solo performer that exists, to my knowledge, in the English language."

To get Fitzgerald's permission to perform and record *The Odyssey*, and to win the National Endowment for the Humanities to give him a grant, Dyer-Bennet used his most persuasive technique. He walked into the professor's Harvard office and, without a word of introduction, began reciting. After a few lines he stopped to ask, "Do I have it?"

"You certainly do," Fitzgerald re-

sponded, and a close friendship was born.

Since 1977 Dyer-Bennet has been memorializing portions of *The Odyssey* because, he says, "you must know it so well that it must seep rational, just coming out of your mouth as if they were your own words. After hearing him, neither Fitzgerald nor the gods could turn him down."

Dyer-Bennet plans to make the *Odyssey* album at his home in western Massachusetts where he has his own record-



Dyer-Bennet: Woolly Goblins to 'The Wind'

ing studio. If all goes according to schedule, it will take five years. No price has been established for what a full set will cost.

He recently gave an "all-Homer" performance in Washington. With no props or scenery, and wearing a simple black dinner jacket, Dyer-Bennet delivered for nearly 1½ hours—all from memory. In his high tenor voice he brought the characters of Odysseus, Telemachus and the gods alive, mostly in verse, sometimes in song. Although he moved little onstage, his blue eyes and his gestures kept the audience riveted. He clearly enjoyed "singing the great songs" for it has become his own.

Dyer-Bennet says he hopes his recordings will get Homer out of the classroom and into more people's lives. "I have a hunch there will be a wider interest than anyone expected once it's recorded," he says. "It will now be available to anyone who enjoys a good tale." He already knows what his next project will be—recording the 24 books of *The Aeneid*. "Of course, I'm 68 now. The whole thing may end up being a race with senility."

Catherine Fox

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Frontlines

Cover your eyes, b'y, you're home



Buying houses and ropes elephants to have a certain fascination, but only when seen at a distance. And it seems the same might be said about one Newfoundland place-name. Residents of a new street in St. John's are demanding that the street name be changed, and who can blame them? It's all very well—even quaint—that there's a cove named Dildo away off by Trinity Bay, but one's own reading address is a different matter. They simply don't like living on Dildo Place.

This is just down the road from Heart's Delight and Rose's Content. The hideous monstrosities may have been a rude joke on the part of British sailors or map-makers well over a century ago—nobody is sure of its origin. But its disappearance was irrelevant in St. John's city planners working on a new subdivision and choosing street names from other old Newfoundland towns and regions. Burgess, Ferryland and Bonaville among others.

The controversy has raised fears that a new generation of Newfoundlanders might be turning its back on the island's colorful heritage. Elliott Leyton, an anthropologist at Memorial University, says, "The people in these houses are generally lower-middle-class. They're the last group to embrace those kinds of feelings and philosophy. They live in Burgess—city, trying to duplicate Massachusetts."

But for the devotees of Dildo Place the explanation seems to be down simply to personal taste—and to the opinion that distance improves the view. □

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Frontlines

The play's still the thing

I feel that I would like to add to your article from *Stage to Three-Piece Business Suit* (Oct. 31). Your article states that the Factory Theatre Lab "has decided to produce no shows at all" in favor of "nonlinear workshops of new plays." Our new season combines both workshop presentations and full runs of major new productions. The financial crunch is, indeed, upon us all—but it is severely felt in theatres such as the Factory where new work is the major focus. It would be easy to retreat to the ghetto of a workshop and effectively leave our stages to the purveyors of nostalgic revues and beleaguering entertainers. At the Factory, we must—and will—continue to produce major productions of new Canadian plays. To do otherwise would only lead to the continuing erosion of a true Canadian theatre by leaving it in the hands of second-hand and the various reminiscences men our narrow-minded boards of directors perpetually pluck from the unemployment lines in the West End.

BOB WHITE, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR
FACTORY THEATRE LAB, TORONTO

Pressing the flesh

In our opinion your article "Variety," *A Century on the Beat* (Oct. 28) misrepresents the stature of the newspaper at the University of Toronto. It was founded last year to serve all of the students, staff and faculty of the University of Toronto. We publish the only unaffiliated campus paper in Canada, a unique status. Coupled with the fact that we are owned among the largest distribution companies in Canada, this gives us a degree of official independence seldom enjoyed by a campus press. We do not, as your article claims, believe our success results from our "coverage of the surrounding community." We feel our success can be attributed to our philosophy that a campus newspaper should present a representative picture, unclouded by factional interests, of the campus it serves. In only our second year of publishing, the university community has shown its confidence in the newspaper that we have a readership comparable to, and even exceeded by, the nearly 100-year-old *Varsity*. We thank you, though, for touching upon *The Varsity's* proud and honorable past. It serves as a funeral oration for a much loved tradition of student enterprise that has died. So, thank you, for at least in the pages of the newspaper.

LENN MCALUPE, BOB PITCHERMAN,
GRAHAM ROCKENHAM,
ASSOCIATE EDITORS,
THE NEWSPAPER, TORONTO

Macleans

World

IRAN BOILS AGAIN



By Ian Mether and Ian Urquhart

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had declared it a day of mourning in Iran to commemorate the deaths of students gunned down while protesting against the Shah exactly one year earlier. But as the hundreds of thousands of people gathered outside the sprawling United States embassy complex on Tehran's Telegraph Avenue, the U.S. Marines inside the gate had no particular reason to be concerned. Such demonstrations are frequent in the Iranian capital these days, and the destruction of the march was the Tehran University football field where a mass funeral service was to be held.

Then, shortly after 10:30 a.m., 2,600 students collected outside the embassy gates. Revolutionary guards who were supposed to be helping to protect the embassy promptly let them in. The masses withdrew into the chancery, firing tear gas and, by protesting plans, still destroyed the second copiers and shredded what documents they could. But after a two-hour struggle they surrendered. In a last telephone message to

Assistant Secretary Harold Saunders in Washington, an unnamed embassy official said: "I think we're going to have to go down now." Then the phone went dead.

The seizure of the embassy had all the hallmarks of a sophisticated coup of breathtaking simplicity. The revolutionary guards, members of a volunteer force loyal to Khomeini, and the students carried identical green plastic identity badges. The two groups were sympathetic to each other. Many of the students had once been revolutionary guards during the summer vacation, and some were recognized as having fought in Kurdistan. The last, the Americans realized their mistake.

Seven days later the embassy and about 180 hostages, 68 of them Americans, were still in student hands. Chargé d'affaires Bruce Laingen and two aides who had been away from the embassy when it was seized, were under custody "for their own safety" in the Iranian foreign ministry. There seemed only a glimmer of a way out of the confrontation between the students, seeking the return of the Shah to face

Students march outside embassy: an unpleasant prospect, then a desire to settle scores.

charges, and the Carter administration, which finally refused to hand him over. Hopes rested on reports that the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), which earlier had been refused publicly by the Iranians, was, in fact, talking privately to them, that Khomeini had said he intended to see nobody over the weekend, which implied he might do so later, that a Papal envoy had been allowed to interview with the ayatollah, and that three hostages, none of them American, had been released.

Elsewhere, the statecraft seemed complete. President Jimmy Carter, who wanted a visit to Ottawa to be held (see box page 28), dispatched former assistant-general Ramsey Clark to negotiate. But Clark and his companion, Senate Intelligence Committee staffer William Miller, a Phoenix speaker, were refused admission. A host of other characters also got in on the drama. There was an offer of intercession from Pakistan's president, General Zia ul-Haq. King Hassan of Morocco asked the ap-

to safeguard the hostages. The Shah offered to leave his New York apartment and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat offered him shelter but the deposed ruler's doctors blocked the move (see box below). At week's end the UN Security Council called for release without delay.

Events unfolded wildly between black comedy (as after Muhammad Ali to sacrifice himself in exchange for the hostages' return) and tragedy (the students threatened to kill their prisoners if the United States intervened). But the first casualty in the hostage-taking, however, was the weak and vacillating government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan, the former anti-rights activist and personal opponent of Khomeini. Bazargan was already under fire from Moslem clerics for meeting Carter's official security adviser, Douglas Brzezinski, in Algeria late last month, and his government had been bleeding to death through a succession of ministerial resignations (*Washington Post*, Nov. 13). The strain of the Embassy crisis proved the final straw.

Whether or not Khomeini had a hand in the embassy crisis remained unclear.

In the embassy square remained unclear. But it was certain that it matched his current anti-American mood perfectly, and he immediately gave the students his full backing. In recent days he had taken to blocking all the country's current economic news on U.S. machines and that sport seemed to set the tone for a week of brainiac inside the compound, the students lined up three times a day for prayers led by a brown-robed mullah. But they were taking no chances. Armed colleagues patrolled the scattered embassy buildings while women in black chadors rescued the grounds with white-talcum suits. Outside the gates a large crowd of Islamic militants kept up the chant of "Islamic and anti-American slogans. At times it appeared they did not know what they were shouting. When a vote over the loudspeaker declared in English, "Say death to the Shah," they parroted in Persian "Say death to the Shah."

But the humor of that mistake was almost certainly lost on the hostages. Throughout the week students refused to let journalists see their prisoners. Instead, they held three press conferences in the embassy's commercial library at which they gave away as little information

as possible. They refused to say where the hostages were being kept or whether they had been split into groups, while insisting their charges were being treated humanely.

There was nothing humane, however, about the way they expressed one hostage—Mondiford and with his hands tied—to the chants of the crowd at the embassy gates. The sole excuse according to one student, the man had refused to give his name. And Red Cross representatives allowed in as Friday reported that some of the prisoners were suffering from "mental distress."

Half a world away, in Washington, mental distress was also evident in a Carter administration that had to make its decisions all week long to the sound, off-stage, of the heavy tread of Senator Edward Kennedy's campaign plane in Carter country and a pot bellyish from U.S. officials which, were it to lead to a major incident, could have hopes of a safe release—and maybe U.S. entry of supplies—dog-tail.

But the dominant emotion in the state department was anger at what was clearly felt to be the duplicity of the Iranian government. When pressures were put on the U.S. in mid-October to admit the Shah for treatment, state department officials quickly realized that any such action could undermine Washington's already highly unstable relations with the ayatollah. So the Americans asked permission and were assured on three separate occasions that

there was no objection and that the U.S. embassy would be protected from reprisals. No one actually used the word, but when news of the embassy takeover came through the dominant feeling at the state department was one of betrayal.

From that moment on, however, events moved too swiftly for might-have-been. Control of the area was handed over to a task force, the "Iron Working Group" under Assistant Secretary Saunders, and mounting concern that the lives of the hostages might be in danger—a student threat to kill their charges if the U.S. interfered militarily was at first read as a mere general threat to kill—and that Iran might drive home its demand for the Shah by turning off the oil tap.

Much more serious was the fall of the



Iranian government which, coupled with Khomeini's refusal to agree to a role of significance altogether. The response to that was to dispatch Miller and Clark, reckoned to have some slight chance of talking the ayatollah around since he had been about the only leading U.S. figure to back him in exile, before receiving his assurances that they would be received. The initiative collapsed in insignificance when Khomeini refused the pair permission to land while their plane was still over the Atlantic. They had to head for Turkey.

At that point, a few runnings in Congress apart, public opinion, from presidential candidates such as Republican John Connally to newspaper editorialists, was a model of restraint. That

left the administration free to orchestrate a growing chorus of international disapproval and direct it at the apparently deaf ears in Tehran. More important, in terms of an eventual solution, everyone from the CIA to the media were being followed up by Clark in Ankara, the Turkish capital, and more directly with Yasser Arafat, who had dispatched his right-hand man, Abu Wailid, to Tehran. Neither initiative seemed productive immediately, but by the weekend there were some substantial signs that sometimes, what would come from the Shah, was doing a lot of talking and that the Iranian revolutionary



Where shall death be his sting?

A New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, where the deposed Shah of Iran was fighting for his life, the staff was all relieved to find him in hushed tones last week as his Imperial Majesty. The Shah was finally admitted for a gallbladder operation. But additional surgery showed that the lymph cancer, for which he had been undergoing treatment for six years, had spread, and his doctors informed that there were no more realistic than they had thought. They proposed to treat the newly enlarged neck tumor for three weeks with radiation therapy, even before beginning associated chemotherapy. Small wonder that they overruled their patient's offer to leave the United States even though that could have ended the hostage drama.

So the former Iranian ruler reported to have lost some 30 pounds in the past several weeks, sustained in his 5500 in a hospital room overlooking Manhattan's East River. Although "satisfied" with his



Occupied Statue of Liberty with anti-Shah banner to blow the lid off protest

the Shah received several visitors including Prince Hassan Gazi, daughter of former president Gerald R. Ford, and his son, Crown Prince Riza. Now a student at Massachusetts Williams College, who insisted his

19th birthday at his father's bedside. The Shah was also reported to have received more than 2,000 letters from well-wishers. Frank Sinatra sent flowers and one devoted supporter had a small plane bearing a gift-wrapped message above the hospital.

But all the good wishes could not drown the noise of protesting Iranian students, who marched outside the hospital shouting "Death to the Shah," which word he himself was made public. Another group of young Iranians briefly chained themselves to the Statue of Liberty to denounce their demand that the Shah be exiled to spend his last years in exile.

But as American sensibilities were inflamed by the situation in Tehran, the Iranian students found their once sympathetic audiences had turned increasingly hostile. In Portland, Oregon, bystanders jeered and shouted marching Iranian youths, rapping the anti-Shah banner to the rhythm. Charles "Take the lid off and shove it," a group of Texans gathered through downtown Houston with placards of the Shah's emblem of American machismo, John Wayne.

In Charleston, South Carolina, American students burned an Iranian flag in retaliation for a similar desecration of the stars and stripes in Tehran and a killing-wounding

assaulted former St. Louis University officers denouncing the names of all Iranian students that he could not find (he has been disarmed).

At New York's Kennedy airport, airport workers refused to service Iran Air planes. In New Jersey, the International Longshoremen's Association announced its members would not load cargo for Iran. The affected merchandise included raw silk machinery and grain but a shipment of the wine that the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini considers necessary for Islamic morality.

The rank of anti-Iranian outbursts may have served to induce a growing national sense of isolation at the assembly hall interests of the government to influence events but the convulsion obscured the underlying problem: the urgent need for a solution. And at the townhouse at Manhattan's fashionable Baskin-Rose, where Carter, Ford and his entourage have stayed since mid-May and the Shah arrived from Moscow, the remnants of the Iranian monarchy seemed so confused by the situation as anybody else. One of the family's security guards answered the telephone with an urgent caution: "Have you heard anything new about the hostages?"

Eric Christopher

leaders were listening—up to ten points.

By Friday, however, the news generated by nightly exposure to television film from the Tehran Embassy seemed ready to blow the lid off American policymakers. After Carter visited the state department for private talks with relatives of the hostages, there was an ugly confrontation between up to 700 Iranian students and counter-demonstrators refusing to get off their feet. Only the presence of hundreds of police prevented a serious clash. Elsewhere things were less restrained and, though Carter issued a "calm down" appeal, by Saturday there had been more than 100 deaths. Among them were four Iranian students suspected of a plot to kidnap M-

protest Governor Albert Gore at a reception given by his wife for international embassy residents.

Back in Tehran, the situation continued steadily abnormal. Four foreign diplomats, from France, Sweden, Syria and Algeria, were given a condensed tour of the embassy in a car whose windows were pelted over with newspapers to prevent them remembering where the hostages were held. They reported that the hostages they saw seemed healthy, and the state department professed to see a positive sign in that. But immediately after, the students guards produced a "bulletin" for the members of the Shah to which were appended 53 apparently genuine hos-

tage signatures. The wording of the plea displayed such rudimentary English that doubts were immediately cast on its authenticity.

The incident somehow summed up a week in which what had seemed initially like an unpleasant, isolated prank had brought the world, through religious fanaticism and a desire to settle old political scores, to the brink of a major collision. Clearly it was too difficult if it had advanced the real interests of the Iranian people, and there was a conscious irony in the note left by one Iranian who burned himself to death at the height of the frenzy outside the embassy. It read: "Welcome to the Iranian revolution." ☐

'Hello Joe? This is Jimmy'

There was confusion in the cool marble corridors that link the offices of Prime Minister Joe Clark with the Treasury at Lansdowne, west from Washington Hill, the president of the United States would be calling. "The confusion was not what Jimmy Carter was calling. He merely wanted to apologise personally for cancelling his visit to Ottawa and to explain that the occupation of the U.S. embassy in Iran would keep him at home. Rather, the show-up was over where he would call. Earlier in the week, a special hot line had been set up in Clark's confidentially equipped with direct access to the White House. Would the call come there or to Clark's own office phone? Within minutes the White House (reflexive phobic reaction) Clark, accompanied by External Affairs Minister Flavia MacDonald and a convey of advisors, rushed down the hall to answer it. Embarrassingly it wasn't for Clark. Seconds later Clark's personal phone rang and he is a family of doctors who turned and occupied down the corridor again. Clark picked up the receiver and heard: "Hello, Joe? This is Jimmy."

Half an hour later Clark's already interrupted business in the House of Commons to announce officially Carter's eleven-day delay. It was neither the first nor the last time that the topic of Iran surfaced in the House last week. Tuesday, Conservative MP Bob Corbin proposed a motion (subsequently adopted) protesting "the latest acts of criminal aggression" in Iran. On Friday Minister MacDonald resumed the House that "there was no real cause for concern" for the estimated 60 Canadian living in Iran (within Kenneth Taylor's constituency in Windsor). He was promptly urging Canadians who have no pressing business (to evacuate).

Later in the day Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn had to do some reassuring of

his own when faced with the announcement that Iran will divert five per cent of its oil to the more liberalised oil markets. The news reminded the state of last oil winter when Exxon redirected Canadian shipments of oil to other international companies selling to pay a higher price. As well it followed on the heels of Clark's own promise to set up an emergency supply allocation board and seemed to fill a gap in a systematic report by the



Iranian jumbo jet at Montreal, reference to 'the great Satan' and a 'real of apes'

ional Group Board of trade difficulties showed Canada's exposure to an increasingly cold winter or disruptions in the flow of oiling off of Al Haytham's market. In fact, "It was looking at impending a 'normal' fashion." But added that "we are watching very carefully any diversion which would be detrimental to the country."

While Conservatives in the House were busy to visit the limits caused by the Iranian in Iran, Tony asked were waiting to say why they could from Carter's publicist. Ottawa's a hotline was on the phone to the Prime Minister's Office showing some compensation for the more than 500 residents of the province of Ontario who are being evacuated. "I will call us about \$3,000," said Rick Thiel of the Canadian Labour. We got barred. As that complained is born of White House

communication experts were demanding more than seven tons of equipment in what was, under-estimated. Crisis, Iran—It's a long-term demand that look up more than 37 rooms in an isolated wing on the second floor of the hotel. Meanwhile, 42 trucks, delivered for the 120 pilots at Clark's side, drove, were stopped back into the house at Government House and quickly left at Pearson. Flowers were removed from the room where Carter was to

have met with cabinet ministers and presented the balloons to the pair of the Charles. Clark's Canadians, who were scheduled to serve for the president. A, after having photo of Joe Clark, along with personal gifts for Carter's mother and daughter. Amy were put in a motorcade to the first Carter visit. Interestingly in the new year. (Clark's old and up playing a host of calls; however, when an Iran Air service got on a flight from London to New York was diverted to Montreal after news workers at Kennedy airport refused to serve the craft.)

That anyone was really unhappy about the outcome of the Carter was a distantable in many ways. Carter needed the 24-hour trip much as he needed another Kennedy challenge. And Clark? Although he had gathered for the week after the Tokyo summit in June, one adviser reflected: "The trip isn't a gain in the neck. The price is a little bit lower."

Joan O'Hara

Indonesia

The horror story unfolds at last

Ever since 1975, when an Indonesian take-over forced them into the hills, the rugged bands of East Timorese had been living head to tooth harassed by army units seeking to dislodge Fretilin nationalist guerrillas. They were unable to raise the substance crops on which their lives depended. All the time their plight was kept from the outside world, which thus refused to believe Indonesian's promise that it would ease far and wide the people of the territory it had claimed.

But by last week the story was out. A startled world learned that in recent months, driven by starvation, nearly a quarter of a million men, women and children had starved out of the dense fog and clouds that shrouded the hills to receive what help relief agencies could provide. Behind them they left at least another 60,000 when Red Cross helicopters could ask only half a day at a time because of adverse weather.

And as an international and operation got under way an awkward question was haunting the military government of President Suharto in Jakarta: why had his country waited so long to make its appeal, even going as far as to deny first reports of genocide? The answer wasn't forthcoming, and many of Suharto's opponents saw that as the latest proof that the case had come to involve the military's 15-year hammerlock on the country's affairs.

Suharto: luxury cars, jewelry and interest



Starving East Timorese children posing a haunting question for the authorities

That had been steadily tightened since Suharto and the military supplanted President Sukarno in 1966. Under the slogan *Dua Fungsi*, "two functions"—calling for the military not to be afraid of the country's territory but to be its willing force as well as its protector and its guardian, in alliance with Golkar, the largest out political party, have kept the country in a political vacuum, smothering the press and eliminating serious opposition.

The targets of the generals' wrath on taking power were suspected Communist, many of them ethnic Chinese. Reports of scores estimate that the official bloodbath left half a million dead and 600,000 blind and maimed. The majority of those in prison were released under U.S. pressure, but new opponents of the regime have been imprisoned since 1974, and Amnesty International recently reported that there are now 28,000 political prisoners in Indonesian jails.

Many are students who demonstrated against Suharto's corrupt regime, a protest against Suharto's uncontested election in March, 1978, to a third three-year term was ruthlessly suppressed.

But the spite grips of opposition groups, which include the two legal opposition parties, the Indonesian Democratic Party (PDI) and the Modern Unity Party (URU), has been the all-pervasive and steady economic dealings of the generals. Army "corporations" are among the largest in the country, and with the spread of military muscle is the marketplace has come the growth of business run by officers' wives and, taken as a proportion of luxury as well as expensive jewelry. Suharto's unpopular wife, the Tias, is known as "Madame Tias per cent" because of her wheelbarrow, and the proceeds of

such activities are deposited at the rate of millions of dollars a week in accounts abroad, beyond anyone's reach.

All this has greatly hampered the official country's development. The near collapse of the Pertamina oil company in 1974, for instance, after its president, Lieutenant-General Ibnu Sutowo, allegedly borrowed \$16 billion illegally, was a major blow. And so blatant has the corruption become that General Mubashir Yusuf, the former minister in attempting a cleanup from within. He recently ordered military officers to get out of their business interests and threatened to release the names of those who disobeyed his orders. As well, he suggested at a recent annual Golkar party conference (the seventh dead end) that the armed forces should quit the party.

But although Yusuf, a pious Muslim, wields a great deal of power, he faces serious opposition from a group of generals, many of them ethnic Chinese. In 1974, General Ali Murjono became to be one of the country's most ardent political opponents. Murjono is thought a likely candidate to succeed Suharto, should he not seek a fourth term in 1983.

A more serious threat to Yusuf, however, is Suharto himself, who has a reputation for allowing his opponents to show their hand before chopping them down. "It's a traditional Javanese thing," says one conservative politician. "The only Suharto, explained a journalist, "was above all to keep the balance so as to avoid the risk of explosion." But with continuing corruption and a worsening economic situation for the poorest 40 per cent of the population—whose real standard of living has deteriorated since 1965—his so-called balanced growth rate of 46 per cent—that task is likely to become increasingly difficult.

James Fleming with correspondents' files

Colonel Natusch pulls in his horns

Trunked Bolivia returned to military rule last week after a stalemate had been reached between the beleaguered Colonel Alberto Natusch, who seized power on May 1, and the powerful popular forces that oppose him. At one point it seemed a solution was near: While Natusch agreed to lift martial law and grant amnesty and promised to free political prisoners, the National Congress produced a formula under which the colonel would take part in a transitional parliament, the armed forces and the labor unions—to rule until general elections were held next May. But by week's end the deal had collapsed thanks to an impassioned



AP Wirephoto, 10/10/82

The pluck of the Irish sleuths

When Irish Special Branch men swooped out of a grey Dublin dawn, impounded sealed containers from a transatlantic liner and discovered the largest haul of micro-barrel wire since 1973, they provided a dramatic culmination to Prime Minister Jack Lynch's current U.S. tour—a visit one of which is to sever the artery of support among Irish-American hard-liners for the gunmen who still claim to wear the mantle of 1916.

The wire, worth an estimated \$1.5 million on the black market, included 40,000 rounds of ammunition and 168 assorted weapons, among them 14 Armalite rifles—a staple of the snipers—and two M-80 riot-charging guns of U.S. origin, probably stolen from National Guard armories. The lot is capable of delivering 560 rounds a minute with deadly precision, is especially prized by Irish terrorists.

And although police teled in their 24-hour stakeout to pick up the six trunks due to collect the shipment, the arms cache came as a welcome stroke at public relations for the Irish authorities. Since this murder one day last August of Lord Mountbatten, they have been uncomfortable on the defensive in proving the seriousness of their intentions to crush the terrorist.

Mountbatten's killing stands out as well-known. The Irish authorities quickly released the damage that could be done by operating secretly and ignoring Anglo-Irish ministerial talks in October, a package of agreed measures on cross-border co-

operation was hammered out. Such is the anxiety in Dublin to be seen to be acting firmly that one observer suggested the Irish government might well presently be hoping the evidence stands up against the two men currently on trial there for the Mountbatten murders. Dublin still feels, however, that there is something to fear about a Irish political initiative in Northern Ireland—

Lynch, with, Murfin, in Washington the Press



something on which Lynch will undoubtedly press Carter to use his influence with the Thatcher government.

Lynch's new-day tour, culminating as it does with Senator Edward Kennedy's predicted disclosure, the Mountbatten trial in Dublin and the bid for political asylum in Philadelphia of suspected IRA bomb expert Michael O'Riordan, proves a breakthrough into the landy dry brushwood of Irish-American politics.

Natusch's tanks roll in a shaky deal

address to Congress by ousted President Walter Guevara, who emerged from hiding disguised in a wig for the occasion, and reluctance on the part of the unions, which earlier had called off a general protest strike.

Their boycott was due in part, no doubt, to a reluctance to sit down with the man who had overthrown Guevara's popularly elected, three-month-old government and led to the death of an estimated 40 people, mostly students and union members. But there was also a strong feeling that one more move could cost Natusch for good and bring about the return of Guevara and his cabinet from hiding. One of the key facts that emerged from nearly a week of violence was that Natusch was being kept in power only by the services of the army that controlled the capital, La Paz. The mass of the wild Andean country's five million people and its provincial army units were against him.

Ironically in Dublin, Kennedy is seen as a more moderating influence on Anglo-Irish allies than Carter, if only because Kennedy already has mainstream Irish-American opinion at his pocket. Having Carter the temptation to tilt with extremist elements, Carter's evolution to Congressman Mario Cuomo, noted for his links with the Ad Hoc Committee for Irish Affairs (but also on Carter's re-election committee), is attended the White House dinner for Lynch was seen as a blunder.

Whether Lynch will make headway on the intransigent question of fund-raising is doubtful, but it may no longer matter much except symbolically. Murfin channeled through secret, the Irish Northern Aid Committee, based in the Bronx, ostensibly to help the families of exiles, has declined considerably from the early 1970s to around \$100,000 a year and, although Dublin authorities suspect the true total to be higher, it is still a handout compared with the \$4.5 million which the bank and post office made in the republic last year of least half of which is reckoned to go to the Provo.

But in the final gray account, it is not so much the sentimental dollar bills dropped into pots in both New York, Boston, Chicago or Philadelphia that count, but the deadly hardware such as that captured on the Dublin quays. Modern container systems make such escape a matter of luck or tip-off—the last big arms haul from Cyprus in 1976 was concealed in a hollow section of an electrical generator. It is that tip rather than the one in Moscow's offices that Lynch will be helping to screw tight—and even more the tap of moral support for the IRA.

Carol Kennedy

Outside Bolivia there was some sympathy as to why the 38-year-old colonel had seized power in the first place. Leaders, however, pointed out that in so short a spell as leader, Guevara had given significant powers to the Congress and was renouncing an ongoing investigation into corruption and human rights violations by generally during 18 years of military dictatorship.

There was little doubt, however, that the extent of the opposition—including a sharp rebuff from the United States, which cut off \$27 million in military and economic aid—looked Natusch and his

backers by surprise. Compensatory soon after the coup it was apparent that the chief problem might be how to negotiate a satisfactory climb down. But it took six days to achieve the stalemate and in that time not only lives were lost. With the country once more in disorder (there have been nearly 300 coups in its 154-year history), neighboring Chile reassured there was no need to go ahead with a deal that Guevara was negotiating to give landlocked Bolivia access to the Pacific. To cap it all, the Bolivians had even bought a 12,000-ton freighter in anticipation.

William Lawder

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Naturally, you choose Captain Morgan for taste and quality. But Captain Morgan also gives you a choice for different occasions.

Captain Morgan De Luxe, a rum of connoisseurs, is a rich blend of the world's finest rum aged at least 6 years to smooth, mellow perfection.

Or choose Captain Morgan Black Label, a robust, full-bodied rum that mixes well with just about anything.



The life and times of 'Mr. Lucky'

They called Anthony Scotti "Mr. Lucky." At 45, the president of New York's Local 1114 of the powerful International Longshoremen's Association had built a reputation as one of the toughest and best connected politicians of Union Square. Labor bosses the dockworker's son from Brooklyn was a close confidant of former New York mayor John Lindsay, paired with Governor Hugh Carey and, during the 1976 presidential campaign, candidate Jimmy Carter made an appearance at Scotti's state hall. The latter from which he ran his operations was decorated with memorabilia of Robert Humphrey and Bobby Kennedy and, after office hours, the darkly handsome Scotti and his wife, Marian, were prized dinner guests among the city's power-connections social elite.

About the only people who were not recognized by Scotti's name were officials of the U.S. justice department. And he is now on trial at a federal court in New York City for some old-style shenanigans: payoffs, kickbacks, labor racketeering and income-tax evasion.

Government attorneys claim that, in addition to his \$440,000-a-year salary over the past five years Scotti earned up to \$300,000 from waterfront firms in return for a promise to hold down the number of fraudulent medical compensation claims against them.

Last week, Scotti's lawyer, James LaRosa, admitted that the labor boss had indeed received cash from shipping firms but maintained that the large sums were contributions to election campaigns. Scotti, said his attorney, was no more than a conduit to the vice chests of Carey and of the state's lieutenant-governor, Mario Cuomo (during the latter's unsuccessful mayoral battle against Ed Koch). Scotti also professed ignorance of a state law that forbids such contributions of more than \$100 to political campaigns.

Both Carey and Cuomo denied any knowledge of Scotti's activities, although a Carey campaign worker testified he had received \$25,000 in an envelope from Scotti, who accompanied his



Scotti and wife, Marion, on-style payoffs.

Scotti and wife, Marion, on-style payoffs.

Home, sweet frigid home

Despite the good intentions of some in Washington, it seemed last week that the price in the United States was taking a long hard winter. After months of debate the House and Senate are likely this week to approve a 15-cent federal funds to help pay poor people's heating bills this winter. Approval has already been given for \$250 million, bringing the total for this winter to \$17.6 billion.

While that sounds like a lot of money—at least comparable campaigning for their needs next year hope it does—in there are 18 million households in the States with an income low enough to qualify \$8,275 a year for a family of four. So it really means out at only \$100 per family. Moreover, any department of health, education and welfare assistance, a family in a cold climate will need to spend about \$1,200 this year or out of 30 what price looked like a lot of money looks like very little in this end.

Another problem is that the northern states are already well into the cold weather. But at the rate Congress is moving, the earliest anyone will see any money is January. And it's not likely to be enough to help heating of dockers and prospects look back.

In neither action the House of Representatives last week voted to guarantee minimum winter welfare payments of approximately \$4,650 to needy families paying low a proposal that has been delayed for 10 years now in one form or another. There are 13 states that now grow wide assistance and the new measure could affect \$30,000 households. But the bill now goes to Senator Russell Long, a fence creature, where it faces staunch opposition and may the Congress ends its session in December.

More bad news came in a newly released study by the consumer-oriented National Center for Economic Alternatives. It showed that prices at major "discount" —housing, food and medical care—like the cost of energy are rising at a "frightening level." During the new month ending in September the report and energy rose at an annual rate of 45.5 per

cent, housing at 10.9, food 5.6 and medical care at nine per cent. Those four items comprise roughly two-thirds of the household budget of four out of five U.S. families.

It quite worse. The agricultural department last week predicted increases in food prices for 1980 of up to 15 per cent while farmers just expect a sharp drop in income. The president's Council on Wage and Price Stability said that consumer prices will have risen by 12 to 13 per cent by year's end and are likely to go up by nine to 10 per cent in 1980 and Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Mount Lindsay was forecasting "a substantial reduction in heating starts, and poor people in the Federal Reserve's new light money policies. There would be very little rental housing"—where many poor people live—built.

Meanwhile in California, where the economy is booming, voters last week were voting for a cut in government spending despite a current 6.2 per cent unemployment rate. They overwhelmingly passed Proposition 4, which would cut the State of

Peers in Chicago facing a long, cold winter

generous gift with a term. "Here." But Carey made no attempt to change the 15-year-long relationship. It maintained with the dock boss. Scotti's help included use of Local 1114's printing press to turn out Carey political literature and substantial lawful payments to Carey campaign made by the Brooklyn longshoremen's political action committee. And, taking the stand as a character witness, Carey professed Scotti "trustworthy, energetic, intelligent, effective and dedicated."

Those words were echoed by John Lindsay, whose political career Scotti helped to rescue in 1969 by financing an independent political party instrumental in winning the final election for Lindsay. But the government had been given other references to Scotti's character. The FBI had had its eye on him since his wedding 25 years ago to Marion Anastasio, daughter of mob bossie Anthony Anastasio and niece of Murder Inc.'s Albert Anastasio (the brothers spelled their names differently), whose encounter as a New York barbershop owner with the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Mafia legend. Moreover, in 1969 the Senator's McClellan committee, investigating organized crime, named Scotti as a capo in the family of the late Carlo Gambino. (Scotti was inspired by such gangster Joseph Valachi.)

But until the government began a crackdown on organized crime in parts along the eastern seaboard in 1976, there was sufficient admirable evidence to make Scotti. And even after four years of "slogwork" and 600 hours of

witness and tapes of Scotti's conversations—supposedly—meeting a conviction may not be easy. The short proceedings witness, William (Boone) Montella Jr., is a convicted racketeer who admitted he took bribes even after he turned state's evidence. And shopping executive Walter D. Offens, another witness, has himself pleaded guilty to an eight-count felony charge as both sides prepared to place their final arguments before the jury, therefore, Scotti still seemed likely to justify his epithet as Mr. Lucky.

Rita Christopher

Cleveland

Win some, lose some

If last week's off-year elections are any indication, President Jimmy Carter may be at least partially right about the American "malaise." There were marginal reasons some of the largest cities and two states elected new governors, but voter turnout was extremely light and only part of the explanation could lie in the media hype over campaign misadventures by Senator Edward Kennedy and California Governor Jerry Brown (see People).

There were also few surprises. The results were expected to signal an important turning point for Republicans in some areas, but the party missed its

chances in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland, where are losing heavily to local public services. And that will inevitably mean an even greater slide of the economic pit for the underprivileged.

Catherine Fox

goals. Republican George Voinovich did upset Dennis Kucinich for mayor of Cleveland, but it is that Kucinich tried city runs some shrewd Democrats had become better enemies of the incumbent. And in what was probably the greatest disappointment for the Republican party, in Mississippi the char-



Kucinich, proof of widespread 'malaise'

ismatic Gil Carver had nearly beaten by his Democratic opponent, William Winter, thus failing to break the Democrats' tradition of hold there.

Even his experience as a former governor could not win Kentucky Republican Louie Nunn his old job. Finally Kentucky Frank Church and Missouri John W. Brown Jr. easily swept the votes in Philadelphia, Democrat William Green beat Republican David Martin to take over from Randolphe outgrowth Mayor Frank Rouse and is expected to help Kennedy's bid for the presidency. But President Jimmy Carter's campaign also got a boost when longtime supporter Maureen Ferre was re-elected as Maine's mayor.

In local referendums, Brown's constituents voted for a constitutional amendment to restrict school busing to achieve racial balance in the Los Angeles area. In San Francisco voters refused to abolish the one square or to establish rent control. In three states—Ohio, Maine and Washington—so-called "bottle bills" got a lot of attention, especially from bottle and can manufacturers. In Washington and Ohio, measures to restrict drinking drive deposits on beer and soft-drink containers were voted down after industry spent time and money to convince residents that jobs would be lost. In Maine environmentalists won and the bill passed.

Catherine Fox



Pierre's period of adjustment

By Susan Riley

Pierre Trudeau's voice broke in the Commons last week while he was reading a speech introducing the Liberals' nonconfidence motion on energy. It wasn't emotion, just a bad cold. In fact, the usually robust leader of the Opposition had to stay home the next day to recover before a political junk to the Maritimes. But there are indications that the malaise affecting Pierre Trudeau is more complex than a simple bad cold—and largely invisible besides.

With a few exceptions the Liberals—particularly the veteran front-benchers—have been a flat, dispirited group during their first six weeks in Opposition, especially compared with the fiery New Democrats to their left. The Liberals came back after the long summer recess, highly energized and eager to rip into Joe Clark's vulnerable flanks. But the attack has faded like a damp match. Why? Partly because of the heavy smog on the Liberals' front row: Trudeau himself, weary at the best of times, has been particularly demoralized this fall. He snarped "nerds" and stomped out at a recent press conference with French reporters, leaving an embarrassed Jean Chrétien behind to explain his leader's sudden posture as a humorist. "He came to town, starts meeting with the kids, gets him all upset. I just wish he'd disappear," says one Liberal back-bencher with considerable vehemence. Others say Trudeau is simply going through a delayed mid-life crisis, or that he's bored in Opposition. It could also be that, like some of his former cabinet colleagues, he hasn't yet recovered from the psychological and emotional blow the Liberals suffered May 22.

"He's still short it, it was traumatic," says Northern Ontario MP John Reid, the former federal-provincial relations minister. He wants the party to forget about defending old policies in the House and start proposing new ones. "We run longer than *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and even she had to take a break for a while to regenerate herself," says Reid.

Other former ministers say that after years of defending government policy, it is hard to attack. "We're not vicious enough," says Monique Bégin, the former health minister and one of Treu-



Trudeau and Liberal whip Tom Lutzke say there is no strength for the paper.

deau's most effective ministers in the Commons. Frustrated and highly partisan, Bégin has been effectively muted in question period because the Liberals' "action committee"—chaired by House leader Allan Rock—has declined to invite anyone—by giving her questions to read, rather than letting her think on her feet. Bégin is determined to change all that, and there are signs other Liberals are learning. New top Liberal answerer, who spent six years in Opposition in Macdonald's legislature, says that after one recent question period Trudeau commented on his interest in blood. "I told him after six years in Opposition, you learn to go straight for the jugular," says Answerer.

In comparison to the Liberals' early limp efforts, Joe Clark's cabinet, heavily coached and consciously playing to two discreetly placed television cameras, is defeating Opposition attacks with ease. Small wonder. They have all been instructed by Parliament's communications arm, dodger, Joe Clark himself, to be polite, constructive and straightforward. The key word is "maneuver" and the tactic seems to be working. Ministers' answers might seem lame to the Opposition, the press and informed observers, but in 30-second television clips they sound moderate, reasonable and convincing.

There are critics who say it hardly matters how ineffective the Liberals have been in Opposition because Clark's government shows such a talent for

self-inflicted wounds. Following on the debate over moving the Israeli embassy, the Peru-Canada issue and the interest rate increases, the Tories this week face their toughest challenge to date: the energy showdown with Alberta. Joe Clark, elected on promises of bringing harmony to federal-provincial relations, is now threatening to impose an energy-pricing agreement on Alber-

ta. And if Premier Peter Lougheed feels any friendship toward Clark's Ottawa, he will let toward Trudeau's, he believes not. Nonetheless, he was due in the capital Monday, alone with the most other premiers, to talk about a new energy plan—one that is almost certain to bring sharp increases in gasoline and heating oil costs for all Canadians.

The one issue that really agitates Liberal passions in the House is the Quebec referendum. They say Clark is being weak, inept and cowardly in refusing to participate directly. Clark, who can be as effectively inexpressive in French as he is in English, has been moderating on Quebec, pursuing "concrete gestures" but refusing to elaborate. After showing him on the issue for 30 frustrating minutes last week, an angry Warren Allmand finally scored a rare Liberal hit when he shouted: "Get yourself some new voters, Joe!" But again, one of the toughest questioning on this issue has come from Liberal back-benchers, not from the responsive array of front-bench talent.

In any event, the Liberals might not get a chance to ease into their new jobs. Two federal by-elections are scheduled in Newfoundland and one in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan—ones expected to reduce the Tory-voted margin in the House to one thin vote, increasing the chances of an accidental defeat for the government. Many people on Parliament Hill are praying that the unlikely, unpredictable federal leader, Peter Bon, from Ottawa, would to stay the winter. If it had not been for him when last week's nonconfidence vote was tabled in 140-138, the droughty waters of all parties might now find themselves strapping on sails for a January campaign.

British Columbia

Bad things come in small packages

For years, Vancouver reporter Dan Hunter had been aware of the bare, boneless density of the little-bomb murder case—a 1984 explosion, explained in a General Electric tome which, in 1973, blew up General Idaho and has now wife, President, in their New Westminster, B.C., apartment. In 1976, a jury convicted the bomb's East Indian father, Shasta Prasad Telling, who was later because he believed his 28-year-old daughter had married beneath her. But also convicted of murder and given a life sentence was Jim Lewis, a 30-year-old, B.C. teacher with three kids and no breaks with the law beyond speeding tickets. The sugges-

tion, not confirmed by any evidence—was that he had been paid to address and mail a parcel that he knew contained a little bomb. But Dan Hunter wondered how a good family man could suddenly become a cold-blooded contract killer.

Last week—after months of tedious investigation by Hunter and by Jim Lewis' wife—the federal justice department announced that it was studying the possibility of a new trial for Lewis. He had appealed to Justice Minister Jacques Flynn on the remarkably strong recommendation of Mr. Justice Henry Hutchinson of the B.C. Supreme Court, who said that legal-bomb cases couldn't be put to better use than helping Lewis and his wife present their case to Ottawa. Vancouver lawyer John Linton has agreed to act for the Lewises in their last-ditch attempt, all previous appeals to the provincial and federal Supreme Court having failed.



But not for want of trying. Laurette Lewis, a small, 38-year-old woman with a crooked brow and a deep, rich voice, who works as an assistant office manager with the B.C. highways department, has been playing private detective to point out the telling contradictions of her husband's case. Shasta Telling, the victim's father, pointed at the trial that he didn't even know Jim Lewis, although they had worked together at Crispmoor Mines Ltd. near Kamloops for seven years. Lewis admitted that he had sent a parcel to the Shastas in New Westminster as a favor to Telling, who claimed he would write English. But Laura Lewis would never believe that a parcel sent fourth class from Kamloops at Thursday noon could be available for delivery in New Westminster—500 miles away—the very next day, as a postal employee told the court. She checked that possibility by cautiously detailed letters to postal officials in B.C. and Ottawa (who wouldn't receive her hunch) and hired a private investigator to do two last readings of similar parcels (one took three days, the other five).

The most damning evidence against her husband had come from Arthur Brabant, who frequently accompanied Lewis on his trips to Kamloops, and said Lewis had mailed a parcel and then told him to listen for news of "a blast or a bang." The so-Monroe whom Laura Lewis tried to investigate uncovered an evaluation report from the B.C. Mental Institution near Vancouver that said Brabant had been committed there in early 1972. As Hutchinson said in his recommendation, "Without the evidence... Brabant had the jury already reached a different conclusion."

After Jim Lewis' court appeal collapsed, he wrote to the Vancouver Pres-

Lewis (left) with his family, William, 17, Laura, Robert, 15, and Shasta Prasad Telling, 33. The case couldn't find any trace of a cell.



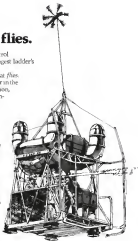
A fire engine that flies.

Thirty stories up, a fire rages out of control. Dozens are trapped beyond even the longest ladder's reach. But not beyond hope.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



which turned the story over to Hunter, an English bookmaker's son, who in his 10 years with the paper has written theatre criticism, posed as a welfare leaver and interviewed hostage-taking convicts at knife point. In his reading of about 1,000 pages of trial transcripts, Hunter was struck by the postal courier's evidence that he had first tried to deliver a package to Kathleen to the Redbus the day after it was mailed. The Vancouver post office's public relations woman assured Hunter, after a week of checking, that it was neither "practical nor possible" for a South-Asian parcel to go from Kitchener to New Westminster in a day—evidence that the Leveson used as a writ that was presented recently in the B.C. Supreme Court.

Police found the wrapping paper from the parcel in the Redbus apartment, and later matched the printing with that of Jim Lewis. But Hunter observed that the wrapper had been found in plain view Tuesday afternoon in a closet that an officer had already searched Monday night, after the explosion. "It doesn't add up," Hunter says. His theory is that the courier tried to deliver the parcel on Monday but actually left it there the day after the bombing. He also poses the mystery of the missing cord: an explosives expert, whom Hunter consulted, says that the cord of an exploding bottle would either remain intact or in recognizable pieces—and yet police didn't find any trace of a cord.

The Province was shelving Hunter's story for trial in October 1978, when the Pacific Press strike intervened. Friends encouraged him to publish the story in the strike newspaper, *The Register*, but Hunter felt that the Province owned the rights to his story. "I felt awful," he says. "I've got the guy sitting on the back" in his mind. "I'm sitting on it as it is. I think I'll help him in this situation." But some of Hunter's colleagues say that even after *The Province* began publishing again last June, the paper was reluctant to print such a potentially libellous story.

Leveson, waiting now on a justice department review that may take several months, is in the federal medium-security Mountain Institution near Agassiz, B.C. With friends, his family visits him. Daily, he drives a motorcycle truck, accompanied by a guard, well outside the grounds. He is one of three elected members of an inmates' committee. His wife, Leveson, maintains her calm. "Rage is a useless waste of energy," and Jim Leveson maintains its sense of humor, allowing Don Hunter a wicker chair he'd made, he mentioned that another prisoner had told him to reassure the reporter that it was perfectly safe to play it in.

Paul Gosses

Alberta

A Beny for her thoughts

Long before taking office last March, Alberta's Treasurer MLA and Minister of Culture Mary LeMessurier was undoubtedly familiar with the expression "a picture is worth 1,000 words." But that has done little to help her determine whether \$4,000 pictures are worth \$200,000 or \$12 million, or to battle her way through at least \$4,000 words of hostile and derisive attack in the B.C. Supreme Court.



Beny (above) and LeMessurier, coming it as the big boys took over the debate.



the legislature. LeMessurier's bewildered performance, evidently due to poor preparation and insufficient briefing from her associates, has landed Alberta's tiny opposition Social Credit, once NDP vs. 12 Progressive Conservatives, their finest hour since Peter Lougheed himself confessed he expected raptures on free passes. So far, Beny alone kept the heat on for three weeks.

What the *Edmonton Journal* called the "Beny bungle" began innocently enough on Sept. 29 when LeMessurier's department missed the news that Alberta had purchased 30 photographic prints of the 1929-30 season's internationally-renowned-photographer Russell Berg. The collection was to include 60,000 color slides and 22,000 black-and-white transparencies plus an assortment of clippings, files and scrapbooks. Next day earlier a special cabinet war-rior had been named worth \$200,000, presumably to close the deal. But local photographers, angered over the collection's questionable value and Beny's own length status as an Albertan these days (he resides in Rome), urged NDP leader Ed Stelmach to blow the whistle on the deal.

Under Norley's cross-examination LeMessurier admitted that the purchase price of \$200,000 was not an accomplished fact and that she didn't know the name of the consultant who had appraised the collection (later identified as a contact of Beny's publishing firm, a "Mrs. Clark" of Florence). Under subsequent grilling, the rookie minister admitted that the total cost would be \$545,000. But still not satisfied, Stelmach took her on the out of reproduction and storing the collection. Stelmach said \$150 for each photograph, a total of \$12 million. LeMessurier maintained between \$90 and \$30, at most a \$1.2-million job. National Archives spokesmen put the cost of reproduction and proper storage at \$60 each or close to \$5 million.

From Spain, Beny stirred flailing oil on troubled waters by maintaining that the copyright for the collection would stay with his wife (his death unless were away was forthcoming). Without the copyright the collection would be all but worthless. According to Edmonton Mayor Doug King, tentative plans had been made to reproduce the photographs for distribution to schools throughout Alberta. To this the minister replied that while an offer had been made a contract would not be signed unless the copyright was part of the deal. She also pointed out that the actual value (as appraised by Clark) was more than \$500,000, thus hesitantly adding that this was the value only if Beny were to die.

After her bawling in the legislature last

one past she was so rattled Lougheed scolded her to sit down and cool it, who he the big boys took over the debate, LeMessurier headed for a weekend meeting of her standards to try to get the facts straight.

Later last week the Society Opposition in the legislature moved that the deal with Beny be scrapped. A minute LeMessurier watched her Lougheed team's lead off the witness stand, relegating the Beny bungle issue to the bottom of the order paper, a guarantee that it would not be brought up again this session. For the scoured and shaken LeMessurier, there was still the untamed matter of why she was not provided with all the facts by department officials. Concerns her it for certain the explanation by culture department spokesmen will not take the form of a slide show.

Wayne Blaney

Two tales of two cities

A year ago last spring, Edmonton's mayor, a year before left behind by Calgary, reopened debate over the building of a convention centre in the Alberta capital. Edmonton's council had debated the question at least 30 times since 1971. Calgary, meantime, had gone ahead and built itself a convention centre which has been attracting growing numbers of convention-goers, while Edmonton's convention

And the Partridges on the TV . . .

In network television land, that is the season when new fall programs are already cancelled or expected to disappear even before they have been scheduled to be shown. In recent weeks, appearing before a Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission licence renewal hearing last month, the CBC's regional division, the networked, and CBC's Power, promised to do something about viewers' objections to two programs, and he has kept his word. Partridges

will periodically confirmed that the television series of *It's a Party* dealing with subjects like abortion homosexuality and bigotry were too mature for young viewers. About another supposed show, *The Mervyn Mober Show*, even former fans complained they were sick and tired of a program that has been in daily reruns for two years. You can't blame them, though many people only have the one chance to watch "So the editing programs have been dropped, apparently with public approval. There haven't been as many cancellations as you might think, however. The new improved shows, *The Partridge Family* and *Get Smart*.

Robert Plunkin

will be in building seriously. This time, Edmonton finally took the plunge. In August, construction began on a \$23.1-million convention centre and, with the centre's opening slated for the summer of 1982, the equilibrium between the two cities seemed about to be restored.

As it turned out, Calgary and Edmonton, rivals throughout their history, didn't have to wait that long before they tied in civic affairs. On 28, Edmontonians will vote on a plebiscite to decide whether the city should go ahead with its well-under-construction and already booked-in-advance convention

Calgary's proposed civic centre, the elected officials could become impatient.



centre. On the same day, Calgaryans will go to the polls to decide the fate of a \$204-million civic centre proposal. And both projects are threatened with derailment by a handful of protesters bent on obstructing any scheme that would increase taxes to a point where that has the country's lowest tax rates.

When the debate began in Edmonton a decade ago, a \$20-million trade centre was under discussion. The price tag far exceeded \$20 million, but the city's business men by more than half, even with restaurants, kitchen and parking garage added out. And although the scheme is to be partly financed by a special enterprise zone business tax, levied in 1975, opponents protest that the prime conclusion will only consume. They estimate the centre's final cost will jump another \$10 million and that the only beneficiaries will be hotels, restaurants and retailers. Led by former alderman David Leach, mayor and later leader Ed Stelmach, the Edmonton Voters' Association assembled a 10,000-signature petition and, when counsel refused to accept it, went to court to get the petition accepted as valid and allow the plebiscite to be held.

In Calgary, the battle against the civic centre proposal was launched by House Action in 1974. Tanya O'Hall, a Vancouver-based group whose exploits have been dramatized by its Calgary offspring. HALP's 78 Calgary members organized a petition drive which attracted 2,000 signatures. The largest total in the city's history. HALP leader, Wayne Kallgren, estimates the total elimination of most taxes and huge reductions in almost all of the rest. His sole objection is to the centre's cost, which civic officials claim will add \$10 a year to the average homeowner's tax bill by 1980. But even in Edmonton, HALP seems to have given roots to strong citizens feeling that the proposal is too elaborate. The five-level development would include a municipal building, civic square, centre for the performing

arts, parking, hotel, office and retail development, public transit stations and the restoration of historic buildings such as the present city hall.

"Taken heart from the fact that Calgary has not approved a smog alert plan, we have been publicly debating smog alerts as a public campaign which will cost \$60,000. And whatever the outcome of the vote, HALT will continue the battle against smog. HALT is winning to force public votes on all annually large public expenditures, which has prompted worry that the city's elected officials could be left inept. "All-out attention is currently focused on the smog centre," says Kolinger, but he suggests Calgary's Olympic bid could be a catalyst. "It's the kind of thing that could make an impact on the voters that are the responsibility of private enterprise."

SHARON ZLOTNIK

Saskatchewan

Cleanliness is next to neighborliness

The inhabitants of northwestern Manitoba share a common lifestyle with their neighbours across the border in southern Saskatchewan. They are farm folk, concerned mostly with matters of agriculture, such as recovering enough rain to get a decent return on their crops of barley and alfalfa. It is an uncomplicated life and they would like to keep it that way.

But looking on the Canadian horizon, five miles north of the border and putting \$50 feet skyward, is the ominous stack of the coal-fired Poplar River Power Station, a project of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation (SPC). The plant, on the small Red Poplar River near the municipality of Oromocto, Sask., has been under construction since 1975 and is the cause of a controversy pitting the provincial Crown corporation against an initiated band of some 50 Manitoba farmers called the Three Corners Boundary Association. They are concerned about the environmental impact on their Manitoba farmland of boric and sulphur dioxide emitted by the coal-burning plant. The project, which the Saskatchewan government says it needs to meet growing energy requirements during peak periods in the dead of winter, will have at least two 500-megawatt power units.

The first generator is scheduled to be

operating next May and SPC wants the second unit to fire up by the winter of 1982-83. Association member Dennis Unsworth, who works the family farm near Seabury, Man., says the effects of the first unit should be analysed before the second is built. The claims SPC is pleading about without knowledge of all the facts, says Unsworth. "I feel that they are honestly ignorant of the air-quality problem that this project presents."

The farmers are concerned that sulphur dioxide will pollute the air and create an acid rain hazard. Additionally, the Red Poplar River, which irrigates 3,000 square miles, has been deemed to create a reservoir which has greatly reduced its flow. The reduced volume has caused deterioration of the quality of water and the farmers fear the effects of boric escape from lagoons that will be polluted by fly ash from the plant.

"The basic underlying idea is that this area is a marginal region ecologically," Unsworth explains. "It has taken them in agriculture 100 years to realize how in-

tersects a balance there is. The region survives on only 14 inches of rain-fall a year and there is a complicated ground-water system."

The power project has been under study by the six-member International Joint Commission (IJC), which is expected to table its final report by the end of this month. However, IJC officials have said that they cannot work and are already committed to the second 500-megawatt unit. As Jack Meuser, the provincial minister responsible for SPC, points out, it is an important undertaking because 1974's annual industrial sales are projected to grow from 2.5 billion kilowatt hours to 4.1 billion in the next decade. The benefits, he insists, "far outweigh" any disadvantages.

The generators will be fired with electrostatic precipitators, at a cost of \$6 million each, to control the sulphur dioxide emissions. Unsworth and the association argue that only an alternate system, called wet scrubbers, will clean up the potential pollution, but SPC has been frightened away by a capital cost of \$50 million for the scrubbers. Corpe-

ration officials say the generators will do the job because the scrubbers will have low-sulphur-content coal mixed in the slag.

After digesting information from five public hearings on both sides of the border, the IJC will make its recommendations. Committee member Jean Roy has said that a minimum condition placed on the project will likely be continuous monitoring of pollution from the plant. The 3,000 people who live in the affected area of Manitoba nervously await the results.

Dale Kiefer

Nova Scotia

Showtime at the tartan circus

Four months after Nova Scotia welcomed 55,000 of the world's Scots to the International Gathering of the Clans, the future of one of the province's most important Scottish cultural institutions is in jeopardy. Although the dispute actually centres on whether the Gaelic College at St. Ann's, Cape Breton, should be developed primarily as tourist tent or should stick to its original mandate to preserve the province's Scottish traditions, the issue really so far has been an old-fashioned political punch-up involving parallel battles between Liberals and Conservatives, Halifax Tories and Cape Breton Tories—and even Cape Breton Tories versus Cape Breton Tories.

The beginnings of the current bro-mahs can be traced back to 1976 when the 40-year-old private college, which annually attracts students from all over North America for its summer courses in Scottish dancing and bagpiping, began seeking help for money to expand its outdated facilities. In exchange for an agreement from the college's board of governors to allow the provincial government to maintain a majority of its 15 members, the then-Liberal administration agreed to provide the necessary funds. By the time the government changed hands last year, however, the planned \$5.5-million expansion program, intended to increase the school's student capacity to 350 from 150, had fallen desperately behind schedule. The college, in fact, now has approximately fewer than 100 students, while a second, million-dollar 1987-funded facility, expanding to the tourist trade, was almost complete. That, combined with the pressure of a fast-food takeover restaurant on the campus and the frequent interruption of bagpiping classes so that students could get on (impromptu) shows for tourists, had led to charges that the government was turning the school into a tartan circus.

If Gaelic parties held out any hope that the situation would improve with the election of the Tory provincial government last fall, they were quickly disappointed. One of the government's first moves was to renege the college's former executive director, Leonard Jones, a longtime Tory candidate who had been defeated by the Liberals a year earlier following a staff revolt over charges that he was more interested in promoting the college's commercial possibilities than in preserving Scottish culture. His resignation led to the resignation of Joan Smith, the college's director of programming and culture, and several other teachers, as well as a walkout by the college pipe band (in this past summer's annual Gaelic Mad dancers were forced to show off their Scottish skill to the gnomous accompaniment of recorded bagpipe music).

Because of the future, the province last spring appointed an independent committee to look into the college's future role. The well-meaning report, which was presented to Premier John Buchanan during the summer, recommends that the college redeedicate it-

self to the preservation of Scottish culture and that the government, after completing the necessary upgrading of college facilities, return control to private hands.

The provincial government's only response to date has been to fire eight board members nominated by the previous Liberal government and replace them with eight Tories—a move that has only created a rift in local Tory ranks. The appointees were allegedly chosen from a list supplied by Jones and Isabel MacAnlay, a former president of the Nova Scotia Women's FC Association and operator of a private gift shop on the campus. But Fisher Hedges, a former Tory MP and a member of the committee that looked into the college's operation, claims the local pro-party executive was not consulted. "It is very apparent to me," he complained in a letter to Buchanan, "that you and your government acted solely in the advice of Leonard Jones and Isabel MacAnlay, two of the greatest obstacles to the future development of the college." (Hedges more between-the-lines criticism of Jones's operation of the college, the committee's report also suggested that MacAnlay's gift shop operation convert to the college to help finance its operating expenses.) Such public intra-party feuding may be fueled by the fact that a by-election must soon be called to fill a vacancy in the provincial constituency of Victoria, and Jones, MacAnlay and Hedges are all considered possible candidates.

Whatever the ultimate impact of all this on the operations of the Gaelic College, it is almost certain that the Conservative nomination meeting, whenever it is held, will be a truly affair.

Stephen Kline

Gaelic College and (right) MacAnlay: the response has been to fire eight members



The Poplar River Power Station under construction. "Ignorant of air quality"





Business

The vinyl solution

There's nothing like a major bankruptcy or business failure to bring out the cold sweat in any industry. Even the toughest competitors begin toidget nervously when they imagine the signs of re-birth beginning to appear around their own necks. Then the announcement last week by David MacDonald, federal secretary of state and minister of communications, was like a psychological bomb to Canada's record industry, many of whose executives were still aching through the sales of last month's GRG (Great Records and Tapes of Canada Ltd.) bankruptcy, wondering if the much-touted recession in the U.S. recording industry was about to overtake Canada as well. MacDonald's promise that the new Clark government hopes to establish a comprehensive recording-industry assistance program by Easter—similar to the Canadian Film Development Corporation, which has added a phenomenal boost in Canadian film-making—gave a lot of Canadian record executives a sigh of relief. And to the more ambitious, it even gave a shiver of excitement.

Not that the Canadian record industry, so far, seems to have anything to worry about. Judging from the statistics, there have never been better, with

industry growth over the past four years (little short of spectacular and momentum this year expected to maintain a further 25- to 30-per-cent increase in sales. This period has been marked by Canada's first-ever million-selling albums certified platinum by the Canadian Recording Industry Association.

David Mihal recording for an independent label in Toronto; Robertson (below) rights



says President Brian Robertson, were the Bee Gees' *Saturday Night Fever*, Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*, West's *Leaf's Out of Hell* and Supertramp's *Breakfast in America*.

If these names make you stop in your tracks, consider the explanation offered by Sam Seiderman, owner of the nation-wide Sam the Record Man retail chain. "There's really no such thing as the Canadian record business," he says. What there is, instead, is a combination of wholly owned subsidiaries of U.S. and European record companies. Most of the Canadian artists who have made it to the top—Gordon Lightfoot, Anne Murray, Burtis Cummings and others—operate under contract with those

companies. Still, for lesser-known performers or groups trying to get a start in Canada, most of the Canadian subsidiary companies offer plenty of assistance and backing. Because of their link with larger parent operations with massive distribution facilities throughout the world, they fare much better than the true Canadian independents. In fact, of last year's \$300 million in total Canadian record sales, less than five per cent came from recordings of Canadian artists sold by independent Canadian producers. Even closely associated, such as Vancouver's Moonraker Records which tried to launch itself in U.S. markets, are now precariously close to collapse. And so too with the recent bankruptcy of CRT, whose U.S. parent went bankrupt, leaving it in tatters in spite of its "big" Canadian artists, including Dan Hill, Pragma and Moe Koffman.

It's for all these reasons that the Canadian independents particularly want the kind of assistance promised by MacDonald. There is no reason, says Attic Records Ltd. Vice-President Tom Williams, why Canada could not be a hot spot for recording talent. After all, he says, Sweden's pop group ABBA brings more money into that country than Volvo. "Give us a better climate to make records in this country, and we'll take care of the experts." ☐

A nightmare in search of a dream

On these occasional days when the wind swings around to the north, even strangers pausing in the street in Thunder Bay, Ontario, will roll their eyes in mock dismay and look off in the direction of the great Great Lakes Forest Products Limited (GLF) sawdust stack at the northern outskirts of the city. Its acid smell, the stench of sulphur, most days drifts away unnoticed out over Lake Superior. People shrug

Can you see the rye in this picture?

You might not see it right away. But it's popular, black, and very velvet. And when we tell you

it comes in an elegant, round canister, we bet you guess it. Black Velvet.



Dryden mill: the biggest shovels of all

and attempt a smile. "At well, the smell of prosperity."

Last week the OLPF company took over the biggest shovel of all. In purchasing the notorious Reed Paper Ltd. pulp mill at Dryden, Ont., 300 miles to the northwest, OLPF assumed responsibility for Ontario's most bitter and controversial environmental whipping post. Throughout the 1970s, Reed has been blamed for killing the life in the English-Wabigoon River systems, has spurned government inquiries, has become almost synonymous with "necrony" poisoning—and during it all has held its ground in the face of repeated government cleanup orders, arguing that it could install pollution control equipment only as fast as its cash flow and balance sheet would al-

low. Lashed by continuous public criticism, Reed has undergone even further corporate humiliation since consolidated losses of \$65 million in 1977 forced it to start selling off large chunks of its operations. Though profitable again, Reed today is a shell operation compared with itself even two years ago.

Reed officials will say only that the sale of the Dryden paper mill is "a significant event" for the company. In fact, it must be a gigantic relief. Reed has been trying to sell the mill for more than a year, negotiating with almost all the 10 major Ontario pulp and paper companies. Only OLPF was able to come up with the right combination: a natu-

re resolution to the nagging problem of pending environmental lawsuits. Faced with such potentially limitless liabilities, it's no wonder Reed couldn't find a buyer—until OLPF succeeded in persuading the Ontario government to step in and underwrite any damages claims of more than \$25 million. Beyond that, OLPF is the logical buyer: its own forest operations occupy 15,000 square miles of Crown land immediately adjacent to the Reed timber lands. For the purchase price of \$40 million, OLPF is really more interested in the lands and work force than in the antiquated Dryden mill itself, which OLPF intends to rebuild almost completely at a cost of nearly \$50 million, \$40 million of that for pollution control equipment. In short, the infamous Reed mill at Dryden is about to disappear. "I know some people will feel Reed got off too lightly, or that taxpayers shouldn't be helping the next project get off the ground," notes environmentalist Monte Hummel, Canadian executive director of the World Wildlife Fund. "But I think it's great. The environmental problem is solved. Jobs are secured. It's the ideal solution." Considering that Ontario's pulp and paper industry is probably the least cost-competitive in North America and is losing increasing ground to U.S. producers, a boost from the province may not seem completely out of order.

Anthony Whittingham

This little Pigott went to market

They sat at the car together and went to see Mrs. O'Brien and Jean Pigott with her sister Gail. Had just come from their lawyer where they had made the final painful decision to sell a large chunk of the family business—the Ottawa bakery division of Morrison-Lacombe Inc. (M.L.). Not only did that mean abandoning a decade-long fight to bring the operation alive, but it also ended a tradition of baking bread for Ottawa Valley consumers started by their father 67 years ago. Not was the significance of the deal. Just on Jean Pigott, whose strong personal tie as a Progressive Conservative member of Parliament, will cut short unapologetically in last. Mrs. O'Brien—a new starter she had started barely three years earlier after a decade of work bringing the family business from the brink of collapse to relative prosperity.

Though it accounted for nearly half of the company's 1976 sales at \$24 million, as a bakery division in Ottawa had been losing money for the past three years, says Mrs. O'Brien who took over as president from her sister in 1973. The other divisions of Mor-



Mrs. O'Brien-Lacombe: lastly as sister

van-Lacombe—a line of frozen loaves sold across Canada and a small restaurant operation in the Ottawa area—were doing well, but severing the bakery was necessary surgery, Mrs. O'Brien says. "I still it was a difficult decision. It hurts when you have to cut part of you." It also hurts to have to sell to the prime competitor. Not only that, but to a U.S.-owned firm to boot. Morrison-Lacombe sold its Ottawa bakery to Corpo-

rate Foods Ltd., the Toronto-based producer of Tim Hortons and Donut King brands which is 65 per cent owned by Maple Leaf Mills Ltd. itself almost wholly owned by North Corp. of Alberta. That makes a bit with the Morrison sisters, who took a certain pride in holding their own in a market of big brands as well as of smaller ones and who really believed all along in the ability of the little pig (to persevere and succeed). Under the \$15-million deal with Corporate Foods—assuming it is approved by the Foreign Investment Review Agency—Morrison-Lacombe has sold the recipes and trademarks for its line of white-bread and roll brands, including Pan Darcy and Donald Duck, but has not sold the actual bakery itself. That is located on five acres of valuable land which the company has every intention of keeping for the time being.

Crises of all the problems, says Mrs. O'Brien, whose popularity of white bread—which has been increasingly attacked for being high in calories and less tasty than brown. That trend saw growing under-use at the M.L. Ottawa plant, though still scores the many Ottawa River at M.L. specialty bakery in Lacanville, Quebec, sales of frozen rolls and crusty breads have seen 20 per cent during the past five years.

Tracy Le May

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People

New Wave's answer to Anne Murray is probably best encapsulated in *The Best*, a sextet from Scarborough, Ontario, which, coincidentally, features one of the songbird's nephews, Chris Lundquist, on saxophone and keyboard. The EP's reach in the tasteful images of Mucca spazzified in songs such as "Jealousy" (Cyril, I clipped out a mauler's claw) and "The Best" (a cover of the classic). Since their average age is 19, even 30-year-old Rush fronted Carol Pope in considering "older gentlemen" by Riff brother How'd, who strums guitar and squirts the audience with a water pistol. Riff vocalist **Mr. Winans** confesses the group is a serious cultural center. "It's not like we're actually we find it at the bottom of a trash can. I mean, it's a Mucca."

As if the shadow of Chicago's black women's movement, Rosalind Wiseman Kennedy's extramarital sex life goes under the public microscope next month in an article titled *Wiseman's Women Problem: Women's Kennedy Problem*, which will appear in *The Washington Monthly*. The 3,000-word story by Suzanne Leland of *The New Yorker* is described as "the intelligent woman's guide to the toughest issue of the 1980 campaign," and Leland predicts a negative female reaction to what she calls Kennedy's "short-term pattern," "the 'outlets,' which Kennedy is said to

The Bitts (left to right) Pat Wilson, Howard Pope, Don Mancini, Andy Trembo, Chris Lanthorn, Scott Lewis, Kimmi Lee

some to have practised as such satelites as socialists Amanda Burden, Page Lee Hasty and, of course, Margaret Trudeau, remnants of "a bunch and a dalliance, over and out, on with the pressing schedule." "The constant pursuit of sameness, just barely personal and ultimately discardable encounters is a cheap way to act," summarizes the 30th author and womanizer-watcher

Although Rubi Bentzon happily slipped in the shadow of Hugh Hefner for years following her 1968 debut in Playboy, the Hefner-father could never be sure to the nix after Bentzon vacated the Mansion West. She began a singing career and traded her entourage for a Baby Face look as a regular on *Mr. Show* from 1990 to '93. Bentzon has finally taken the long but easy matrimony with George S. Gradow, 35, a San Francisco real estate tycoon. Meanwhile back at the Mansion, Hefner is living in contented as with 1977 Playmate Brenda Thelen.

Legal-eagle Marvin Milchelson, whose clients include tax Marvin's pal Tony pal Michelle Triolo and Mick Jagger's George and Toni, hasn't too many

look-*alike* with **Gianes Jeppet**, may soon find himself with his own mess to clean up. For 29 years Mitchellson, 51, has been married to Italian actress **Maurizia Pardi** and he now admits that they are having a few problems. "I don't see her too often," says Mitchellson, who doesn't like to think about divorce. "Do you know how many lawyers would like to get their hands on that case?"

"It would be happier if the word 'documentary' didn't exist," says *Wohl*, 38, whose all-*documentary* *Best Boy*, about his 16-year-old mentally retarded cousin Philip, has been sweeping film festival awards and tagging at critics' screenings. Over the next few months, *Best Boy* will be opening across Canada and Wohl is afraid that the "documentary" tag will "send people running away in droves." Not to worry, the film was such a success at Toronto's Festival of Festivals that two extra public screenings had to be added, and *Wohl* called *Best Boy*.

When the former had come ending last week, both Senator Edward Kennedy and Governor Jerry Brown had entered the Democratic effort ring. A presidential hopeful, Kennedy's announcement was made amid much fanfare before 5,000 Bostonians and three generations of "the clan," headed up by 90-year-old Senator John F. Kennedy. Brown's challenge was much less heralded affair at the National Press Club in Washington where the Cloud 9 candidate spoke from a lectern graced with a hand-painted sign which read: "WOW! BROWN!" "I see a future where we stretch out into space," said the 41-year-old governor, who promised a campaign based on the principles "to protect the environment, to protect the people and to protect the universe."

A copy of "Eager Jack's Good" says Jack was for two years "Colonel Henderson," says "I didn't stomach the chicken to eat because I got so bad I wouldn't eat it," says the 30-year-old Colonel who sold his U.S. interest in the company 15 years ago. "They started cutting corners," he explains. "The chicken tasted terrible." John Cox, a spokesman for the American Revolutionary empire, says the company isn't quarrel with the Colonel's quality. "Colonel Sanders is quite right when he says the quality of our product declined," Cox admits candidly. "We're returning to his basic recipe."

Montreal-born Alexandra Stewart has made so many movies that she can't remember them all. "There have been 70 or 80," she recalls, but her favorite is still the 1973 classic *Stock Moon*, which was directed by her former mate Lou



movement on a diet of lettuce leaves.

[illegible]

Life with Winston Churchill and his "darling Clementine" wasn't always peaceful and serene, according to Lady Mary Soames, one of their daughters. Soames documents the tribulations of her parents' 35-year marriage in her book, *Churchmen's Churchill*. "We were brought up rather toughly, to realize that we lived in a world of grave concerns," says Lady Soames, 57, who admits that life with the bulging and bearded man wasn't always serene. Soames' parents, for example, provided the first

Charalot's bookends with no end of fun. **Top Gun** did marvelous justice to *Napoleon*, she recalls, and at 29 Lady Soames maintained a mod air in *Lawrence of Arabia*, who was somewhat of a *James Dean* figure. "He'd come running up to the house on his motorcycle and he'd come for dinner dressed like an Arabian prince." The whole story will be documented in a 30-part British TV series and, while Soames says the couple lived at "British House," she presumes that the "Peg" (Winnetka) and "Kut" (Chiemsee) story confirms its fair share of bags and bones.

Old Mansees never die, they just shed their togues and become real musicians—at least that's the update on the band Newsewitz, who played guitar with Peter Dink, Dewey Jones and Mickey Slocum on *The Monkees* TV show in the late 1960s. "In the States we're not an original—we real togues 'wood hula,'" says Newsewitz, 37, who has struck out on his own in the burgeoning field of video recording and movie sound tracks (*Dupe of Honor*). Newsewitz's latest album, *Festive Rider on the Big Dipper*, is currently rising on the charts and he plans to keep the rest of the Monkees out of his act, though rumors of a reunion crop in "at least every six months."

Edited by **Marsha Houston**



Abstract

To sit on the ice in Lake Winnipegosis, you have to be drunk, or crazy, or both

By Trent Frayne

Looking at the Toronto Argonauts—oh, by the way, it'll feel marvelous when you stop—a reader might conclude that football in Canada is in terrible shape. The Argos are the worst team money can buy. They are so bad that even the glump-eyed thousands who have followed them through thin and thin for 97 franchise years have begun to walk past the ticket windows.

Attendances fell off by more than 6,000 a game to the lowest since their park was renovated to accommodate the only team south of the North Pole (some say north of the South Pole) that's worse than the Argonauts, the marauding Blue Jays, an assortment of young hicks in baseball suits.

In the rest of Canada the state of football is not, well, unalike—just over 2½ million overall, a \$1,000 average for the 12 games. The threat are up in four towns and down in another four of the Canadian Football League. Interest is as high as derbies in Alberta, where the Stampeders attracted slightly more than 600,000 patrons there—an increase of 32,284 in Edmonton where the champion Bats have their new park, and 67,361 in Calgary where the marauding Stomps have their new team (this one wins). Attendance also rose (by 23,063) in Vancouver and in Regina City, thanks to a resurgence of "Rider Pride" for the last three home games.

The numbers were down in all four eastern outliers by a shocking but not really baffling 163,138. Ottawa was Ottawa, where nobody gets very excited about anything, and in a drop of 3,365 over eight home games was running less. Toronto was Toronto. Hamilton was Hamilton, where people flock to a winner and won't touch a loser with a 43 bid. The season started abominably but swept up the snowbirds in enthusiasm when key holes were played halfway through Leaving Mutual.

The Alouettes may be the best football team in the country, a statement to stand even through an acid rain of can-

celled subscriptions from Alberta. Nonetheless, the Alouettes dropped almost 80,000 in attendance at the Big One, the world's most expensive ball park. From a record 430,504 in 1975, and in spite of a media rampage when linebacker Tom Courmeau was snatched from the National Football League, the numbers slided to 356,439.

Is there a message here?

Yes—break up the Argos. By a rude coincidence, the CFL schedule looked three of the worst teams, east or west, into Olympic Stadium for

were through of 40,000 and 40,000, and what the hell did they care for the Alouettes? Or, more blunt, even the preparations of the Canadians for a new assault on the Stanley Cup?

All right. So there isn't much wrong with football and a little competitiveness in Hamilton and Winnipeg and Regina, won't stir, and chances are Argonauts will level off from hysteria to mere terror. There is, however, one thing about Canadian football that demands attention. The season

now meanders through 33 weeks of summer and autumn in order that the best teams in the country and the people determined to watch them can freeze to death during November's playoffs. Contrary to a widespread opinion, there's no real reason to delay the finals, east and west, until fans' noses drop off, bloodless, icy hobs, and their toes turn a lifeless blue. Also, it's not absolutely essential that the Grey Cup game turn up on the last Sunday of November. What sense does it make that fans pay \$25 a seat to stimulate the notion of sitting on an ice-free Lake Winnipeg or to show up (a) drunk, (b) crazy, or best of all (c) both, if survival matters?

These days, the 16-game schedule starts in the second week of July and ends in the first week of November. That handles four preseason games for each team in three weeks of June and a week of July. Which means training camps open around June 1. "How can you go back any further than that?" asks the kindly commentator Jacob Gili Gaudreau.

Well, the response here is, why can't you? What's wrong with a mid-May training camp? If teams can play exhibition games through half of June, why can't they play 'em through all of June? Or, if that's too big a problem, why not cut out a couple of those preseason duels, start the season sooner and get on the parade in minutes before the blood oranges and the potted aspidochelons?

As for the Argonauts, forget 'em. It's like trying to cure the common cold.



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Technology

Countering terrorism: the very private armored Ford



Jerry Ruder stood himself in behind the wheel of a new white Ford and drove it slowly through the parking lot behind his little factory. Suddenly his partner stepped out from the sidewalk and stood in front of the new Bronco, a 4-doorer. Thompson sub-machine gun in his hands. From about 20 feet away he fired a five-second burst into the windshield, aiming for just the sort of lesions for them. "Now does he know why they felt they needed armored protection?" It may be that they are businessmen with a lot of labor troubles at their plants.

In order to armor a car, Ruder's company will strip the vehicle to its frame and install lightweight steel and seven Plexiglas sheets of material capable of stopping bullets. The windows are replaced by reinforcement of bullet-resistant glass and polycarbonate instead of tinted glass.

And then, of course, there are the James Bond options. The floor of the car is replaced with a thick sheet of steel to resist bombs, machine gun bullets can be fired into the backseat. "We can even install a device that will spill oil all over the road, to make people pass you out of control," said Ruder. "Of course, you have to know just when to use these things. If you are being chased along dirt roads and use the oil slick system it will surely serve to keep the door down, and make it easier for the attackers to enter you."

Ruder in a multipoint car, armor, oil slick, gas evaporation, \$900,000 protection.

Not since the heyday of the itq has Canada been the scene of organized terrorism, but a number of Canadian businesses recently bought cars from Ruder's company. "I do not know exactly who they were. That is normal," Ruder says. "Clients use agents to conduct this sort of business for them." Nor does he know why they felt they needed armored protection. "It may be that they are businessmen with a lot of labor troubles at their plants."

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William Lowther

Labor

A colossus takes his leave

By Ian Urquhart

Just one block from the White House on 16th Street, Washington's poshest downtown thoroughfare, sits a marble-faced office building. There are always two or three limousines parked in the curved driveway in the lobby in a number-of-pairs replica of a Moslem mosque in Jerusalem, a gift from Crown Prince Hassan of Jordan. The atmosphere is that of a major corporate or business association. Yet it is the headquarters of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations (AFL-CIO), the voice of 13.7 million unionized workers in the United States.

The same building it houses the AFL-CIO, as well as its counterpart in Canada, the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC), is part of the establishment in the U.S. The American Federation carries about the CLC can only dream of, it is rooted by presidents and congresses, princes and ambassadors.

This week and next, the AFL-CIO convenes in Washington to select a successor to George Meany, the only president the Federation has known since its formation 24 years ago when the craft unions of the AFL merged with the industrial unions of the CIO. There will be none of the noisy dissent that characterized CIO conventions. Instead, the AFL-CIO delegates will behave more like shareholders at the annual meeting of a large corporation and rubber-stamp the predetermined executive. No one ever challenged Meany's leadership at an AFL-CIO convention. Nor anyone likely to challenge his handpicked successor, Lane Kirkland, who has served as Meany's deputy for the past two decades.

Nevertheless, beneath the veneer of an unchallenged convention, the AFL-CIO is a troubled federation today. As the white-collar and service sectors of the economy continue to grow and economic power in the country shifts to the universities, "back to the unions" share of the work force keeps on shrinking. Last year, fewer than one in five American workers (19.7 per cent) belonged to unions, down from 25.3 per cent in 1955. In Canada, 31.5 per cent of the work force is unionized. IFL unions, especially those in the railway and newspaper industries, are in trouble and seeking ways to stay afloat. Others have found their economic cloth is diminishing and have been forced to accept



Meany: 24 years of absolute leadership

not been a good Congress for us." Since Meany's rise to the Federation throne the situation, in part, so Meany, the super-achieving New York pugilist who has stood beside the American movement like a colossus for a quarter-century. A historical anti-New Dealist, Meany was an ardent hawk reminding the Vietnam War and refused to back George McGovern, a dove, for the first and only time the AFL-CIO did not back the Democratic nominee for the White House. On domestic issues, he was equally conservative, adopting the "business unionism" approach of Sam Gompers, the founder of the AFL. Later, at 80 and in failing health, Meany seemed increasingly out-of-touch with the rank-and-file members of his

actors. Says William Wimpfinger, president of the International Association of Machinists and a leading voice of the AFL-CIO's left wing: "Our problem today is one of organizing young workers, and I don't think there is any way that union leadership can relate to the young workers who are in the industrial complex and in the offices of America today."

Whether the ascension of Kirkland will make any difference remains to be seen. In personality, Kirkland, 57, seems almost the opposite of Meany. A soft-spoken intellectual with a low pro-

file, Kirkland professes no interest in staying at the top of the AFL-CIO for as long as his predecessor. He would rather retire and study archeology. "But intellectually and philosophically, Kirkland and Meany march to the same drum," says Jerry Ward, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. "Substantively, there is not much difference."

But, if only because he does not possess Meany's force of personality, Kirkland is likely to tolerate more dissent inside the AFL-CIO, say union leaders.



Kirkland likely to tolerate more dissent

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He may also have been into the federalism two of the country's largest and most powerful unions, the Teamsters, whom Meany kicked out 22 years ago, and the United Auto Workers, who left on their own accord.

The first big test of Kirkland's leadership will come in the AFL-CIO's choice of a presidential candidate. Both incumbent Jimmy Carter and challenger Ted Kennedy are working hard to win labor support. The presidential race at Washington's Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts is often filled these days with union leaders, there courtesy of Carter. Invitations to dinner or lunch at the White House are also being liberally extended to union leaders. But Kennedy seems to have the support of most of the rank-and-file members of unions. To date, Kirkland has stayed adamantly neutral, but pressure will build during the primaries for him to make a choice. He is thought to lean toward Carter, a fellow southerner (Kirkland is from South Carolina), but he might have difficulty taking the AFL-CIO with him if he moves in that direction.

The toughest test will come later, however, as the labor movement tries to hold on to what it has already won and to extend its base into the "sun belt" and the white-collar industries. Kirkland himself is bullish on the prospects. Says he, "It's become somewhat fashionable to write about the position of the trade-union movement in our society in terms of gloom and doom. It has become almost—a generalization of which I don't think it's justified.... I think we are at a period when we have got a solid base and there's going to be a very substantial movement forward of the trade-union movement. I'm confident of it." If he's wrong, the AFL-CIO will look a lot less like a shareholders' meeting and a lot more like the CIO, the next time it convenes in 1981. ☐



Courvoisier The Brandy of Napoleon

For reflexologists the medium is the massage

When a headache strikes, Candia Carlson of Toronto rubs her big toes, to ease stomach discomfort, for hemorrhoids, she works on the backs of her heels. One of thousands of Canadians who believe in the healing effects of reflexology, Carlson says relief is not a swallow away, it's just a matter of a little fancy footwork.

Reflexology—the theory that on the feet and hands there are reflex points

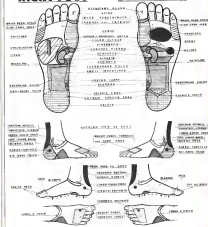
corresponding to all parts of the body—is derived from ancient Chinese precepts and is gaining popularity among those seeking an alternative to drug- and surgery-oriented medicine. There are now about 280 therapists, including Carlson, belonging to the Reflexology Association of Canada, which met last month in Toronto. It trains, tests and registers practitioners, and its racks

Reflex chart, head/cheek, forearm and knee

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have grown from a mere handful these years ago. Another several hundred trained by Dwight Ryens, director of the International Institute of Reflexology (c/o St. Petersburg, Florida, practice independently).

"Reflexology is not medicine," says Ryens. Rather, it is "part of the healing arts." Ryens—who will personally train about 1,000 practitioners around the world during brief, two-day seminars this year—estimates there are at least 10,000 Americans practicing reflexology. No matter what their affiliation, most follow theories set down in 1909 in a book called *Stories the Feet Can Tell*, by the late Karel Ludhman Stapel, said in most health-food stores. She was Ryens' aunt.

The theory bears a resemblance to acupuncture, based on the flow of life-giving energy along pathways within the body. Unlike acupuncture, reflexology does not involve needles, but uses thumb, finger and hand pressure. Practitioners work from a simple chart which maps the corresponding parts of the body to parts of the feet. (Most prefer to work with the feet instead of hands because results are thought to be better if they claim a treatment, through pressure on particular areas, reduces tension, improves circulation and promotes the natural functioning of the related area of the body. Tender areas indicate troubled spots, signalling the need for more massage in future.)

Unlike acupuncture, reflexology is discussed by the American and Canadian Medical Associations as *herbalism*. Bill, Dr. Jerry Green of Toronto, who specializes in metabolism and nutrition, refers patients to reflexologists. "My patients have reported good results," he says. "Like more and more people, they want an alternative to modern-day medicine which is too bogged up on drugs and surgery."

For devotees such as Vernice Greger of Davidson, Saskatchewan, who operates two reflexology clinics serving 20 patients daily, results have been more than good. Unable to walk due to pain in both feet, she and her husband followed her doctor's advice and moved in 1971 to the warmer climate of Australia. She arrived on crutches, but left for home two years later, "cured" by reflexology treatments. Caroleen Pam Holt, Reflexology Association vice president, "A reflexologist cannot diagnose illness, and must never prescribe medicines." As far as costs go, she says, "Feet should range from \$7 to \$32."

Like other healing arts, reflexology should not be discussed lightly by the medical profession, says the president of the Acupuncture Foundation of Canada, Dr. Linda Rapson, a Toronto physician. Spurred in the West for years, acupuncture is now gaining acceptance

because its needs have been shown to stimulate the body's production of a natural opiate, endorphin, a substance produced in the nerve cells. As for reflexology, a study presented at a conference sponsored by the International Association for the Study of Pain last year gave evidence to the possibility that "there may be parts of the body where the rest of the body is mapped."

Most of Canada's 200 foot specialists (podiatrists) do not use reflexology. But reflexology needs to be studied, says Robert Goldberg, vice-president of the 50-member Ontario Podiatry Association.

While there is little scientific evidence to back the reflex theories, Goldberg points out that Heller's syndrome (inflammation of the sinuses), for some unknown reason, also causes arthritis pain on the inside of the heel—the exact place on the reflexology chart that is supposed to correspond to the lower urinary tract area.

Scientific proof is unnecessary for die-hard believers such as Rose Gerry of Walsall, Ontario, and her nine-year-old daughter, Barbie. After a year of drugs did nothing to arrest a growth in Barbie's bladder, her mother decided to

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The Dewar's Rightlander

stop giving the girl medicine in order to give reflexology a chance. It was to be a last-ditch attempt to avoid extensive surgery planned by doctors if the growth continued. For two months, Barbie was given treatments several times a week by Candy Carlson, "after which she would throw up, getting rid of the toxins in her body," says her mother. Whether it was coincidence, the long-term effect of the drugs or reflexology would be disputed, but when Barbie was 8-year-old doctors four months later the growth had completely disappeared.

Diane Prusick

The penicillin hazard in the everyday hotdog

It was a larded pepper for 10-year-old Leonard Nussrow, hotdog, a glass of water and no dessert before he rushed off to jog at the school track in the Garden City suburb of Winnipeg. Half an hour later his breathing became labored, his eyesight began to fail

and his body started to swell. He made it home just in time for his father to administer antihistamines, bundle him into the car and race to Children's Centre hospital. En route Leonard vomited, disrupting the hotdog. His coughing began to clear, the swelling subsided and his breathing became regular. "It was his third attack," says his mother, Evelyn Nussrow. "I was determined to get to the bottom of it and, had the hotdog assigned." Federal health protection branch officials last month found that the hotdogs contained minute traces of penicillin, likely injected, just before slaughter, into the animal that ended up in the hotdog. Leonard is allergic to penicillin.

Three years ago Leonard had a similar severe attack at a school picnic and was taken to hospital. Hotdogs were on the menu that day too and it took four shots of Adrenalin to calm him. The second attack, a year ago, was milder, but hotdogs were again involved. Says his mother, "I'd suspected an allergy to

beef, but even perhaps that he'd got a bee sting." There were no bee stings, but none of penicillin in hotdogs—ever minute traces—put it in a more free in Evelyn Nussrow's bones. She's now pressuring the Manitoba government to set up an allergy information centre and a co-operative where antibiotic-free meat can be purchased.

Obviously, farmers bringing animals to slaughter are supposed to ensure that sufficient time has elapsed for all antibiotics to have left their system. The problem is that antibiotics are sold over-the-counter to any farmer who wants them. Though veterinarians clearly warn that no slaughter should take place until antibiotics have worn off, it's strictly an honor system. "We check closely for hypodermic marks and if we find them we order a full analysis of the carcass," says Dr. Thomas Doyle of the federal government's meat hygiene directorate. Says Vic Warkentin, chief inspector in the Winnipeg branch: "Even if a needle mark is found in an animal we don't tell if it was given three or 30 days ago. I'm sure the same problem is occurring in other parts of Canada, but I don't think it's life-threatening. We're talking about a very small

Leonard and Evelyn Nussrow, cooker, mom, children, "getting regular and regular"



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trust of antibiotic and a very small number of people."

Though most people are unaffected by penicillin-caused meat because the amounts involved are so small, the odd person, such as Leonard Nemerow, has a severe allergic reaction. Dr. David Campbell, director of the federal bureau of veterinary medicine in Ottawa says only minute amounts were found in the hotdogs and "we've found nothing to indicate they'd cause an allergic reaction, though it is theoretically possible." A 1968 World Health Organization study found up to 70 per cent of patients receiving penicillin have some allergic reaction, while 15 in 10,000 have a severe reaction. One in 10,000 dies.

Veterinarians have grumbled for years to ban live sale of antibiotics to farmers, fearing access should be limited, but their protests have been written off as meddling of a second interest group. Farmers protest that they can't sell a vet every time an animal becomes ill. Often they're too busy and it's simpler to administer a shot themselves.

Aside from the question of hypodermic injections, there's the problem of medicated feeds. Drugs are routinely administered in commercially made feeds to stimulate the growth of chickens and pigs. Though the animals are supposed to be removed from such feed at least two weeks before slaughter, there are few safeguards other than a farmer's honesty. "I'm getting sceptical and sceptical as I realize how much we're being fed without our knowledge," James Evelyn Nemerow. "My middle child, David, has a severe allergy to fish and I now find that codfish I've bought for peas are using fish oil instead of shortening. On top of that I had the most chocolate-rained in Manitoba are being fed two percent fish meal. Why are we not worried of these things?"

Since the Nemerow complaint about the penicillin-caused hotdogs, the federal health protection branch has had two further complaints which are being investigated. Two months ago they had a similar complaint about an allergic reaction to penicillin-treated ham.

The problem of routine dosing of animals with antibiotics isn't confined to severely allergic people alone, according to Dr. Ross Anderson, regional veterinary director in Manitoba. He says even so healthy regularly getting antibiotics in their feed may develop bacteria that are immune to drugs. If the bacteria are transmitted to humans through the meat, antibiotics would be useless in treating any resulting illness.

Nemerow, re the Nemerow household, hotdogs, chicken and a certain brand of cookies are definitely not served. **Peter Czapka-Gander**

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Where cops learn about people

By Paul Groscoe

Since summer, national headlines have told the country of the troubled relations between Toronto's police force and minority groups. The situation has deteriorated to the point that early this month, police Chief Howard Adamson promised to instruct his men to keep racist opinions to themselves. But would orders be enough to restrain cops' personalities? Evidently not. City officials had to pledge further that human relations would be upgraded for force members and for recruits at the Ontario Police College at Aylmer.

In that regard, Ontario police could take a lesson from their colleagues in British Columbia. Alan Grant, a law professor at Toronto's York University and a former police officer himself, says the Aylmer college works in "splendid isolation"—its training separate from the rest of the province's justice system and apart from any post-secondary education. Grant believes the Toronto police should take a close look at the Justice Institute of British Columbia.

The Vancouver-based institute, which has been running for a year, is home of the B.C. Police Academy which trains every municipal police recruit in the province. It streams basic, on-the-job and its three-year program, alternating between classrooms and field work, devotes more time to human-behavior studies than any other single subject. Its crisis-intervention course (in which students are videotaped as they react to actors posing as squabbling couples) is so good that the RCMP now uses the package to train its recruits. But the school is unique in Canada. For another reason: it's the only police academy to share its facilities with trainees from the entire gamut of a provincial system of criminal justice and public safety.

Roughly 600's student probation officers, jail staff, sheriff, court workers—and soon even firefighters, coroners and conservation officers—must attend the experimental institute. As many as 300 at a time rub shoulders with one another on the 40-acre Jericho Hill campus overlooking the ships and beaches of Vancouver's Burrard Inlet.

Cops and court staff, probation officers and jail guards are attending some classes together. Their instructors are pooling their expertise to teach such



Justice Institute students (above), Kinsup, more time spent studying human behavior than any other single subject.



common subjects as legal studies, psychology and a police-designed driving course. Already, police instructors are teaching shooting skills to sheriff's and corrections staffs has supplied street workers to lecture constables about probation practices. The institute also offers advanced training to professionals in the field: last month 20 top officials of the B.C. attorney-general's department (a mixed bag including directors from the combined law enforcement unit, the fire commissioner and the land titles department) were meeting together for the first time on a 10-day executive-development course.

Grant, a former chief inspector on the London, England, force, says Ontario should be looking back to Quebec—where by 1982 every police recruit is

expected to be taking 200 years at community college before 15 weeks at police college—and to B.C.'s Justice Institute. "The perfect system," he says, "would be a marriage of the two." Grant was a constable in a B.C. link force in 1974 that recommended a province-wide program of police training. To organize it, the B.C. Police Commission hired Gerry Kinsup, then 36 years old, who had left a five-year career with the Mounties to get a master's degree in psychology, worked as a probation officer and later became chairman of applied arts at Coquitlam College, in Kitson, B.C. The concept of a justice institute crystallized one evening later that fall at a casual get-together in a Victoria hotel. Kinsup and Grant were swapping ideas with three police commissioners and corrections officials and David Vickers, the deputy attorney-general. As it evolved, their ambitious scheme called for a \$10-million justice education centre. Because of a change of government, nothing happened until 1977 when the ministry of education agreed to provide capital funds and the Jericho Hill site.

"The hope is that over the years we'll break down the suspicion that exists within the justice system," says Kinsup, who became the institute's principal. "The stereotype might be the policeman busting his ass against people only to see the probation officer playing warm, fuzzy games with these people." Although the first year has seen little formal cross-fertilization on campus, some staff and students in different disciplines are trading facts and feelings outside the classroom.

So far, the more tangible sharing involves facilities—a library, audio-visual centre and athletic complex of a size none of the training schools could afford on its own. The 10 instructors, seconded from the field for a couple of years at a time, share an in-house adviser to hone their teaching skills.

Grant warns that the Justice Institute will bring its message if it doesn't educate the public as well. Kinsup sees that public workshops on wife-beating and sexual abuse of children are already being held. By 1981, when the satellite Arts III is launched, he hopes to be hearing lectures on an educational channel to regional colleges across the province.

The institute's ideal of interdisciplinary education comes as high as a satellite in space. And Kinsup is candid about whether it can be met. "It might be too careful, it might not—because a cross-system commitment has to be maintained through a time of ambivalence and uncertainty. It could go down the tube."

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Paris hurt to the core



By Marco McDonald

Beneath the voluminous canopy-yellow bag top where the semi-annual circuit known as Paris ready-to-wear collections unfolded, the message was resoundingly brief: Amid the staccato glare of flashbulbs, the star of the 1980 summer fashion season was unveiled, easy to reveal itself as that brand-new old favorite, the muskiet. From Karl Lagerfeld's thigh-darting muffs, which went so extreme they resembled ballet tutus, to Yves Saint Laurent's entire hem lengths which bobbed only under chafers overalls, the designers were so intent on reassuring the simple thought that one summer season would be all of being afflicted with a raging epidemic of diaphanous. "Once again the creators of tomorrow are falling back on yesterday," she noted, looking off a newspaper that wasn't small news.

But for those more interested in sky-line than hemlines, the intent was obscured in the backdrop against which the show was viewed. The three massive semi-permanent tents which hosted the

recent prêt-à-porter shows are the latest accessories in Paris' freshly opened Forum des Halles, a 10-level underground shopping complex that is the first phase in a multi-million-dollar development designed to fill in the 13-acre gaping embankment of an excavation that has sat for eight years as the city's prime real estate, coddled with

water and pumped full of potent hot air. Like the season's fashion hit, however, the forum is a semi-version of what was once forever as an unbroken midtown—in abbreviated years of what planners at one time called as



equal to Oscar de la Renta's concept for Brasilia. Like the main lot, it now turns out to resemble nothing so much as a curved-up variation on another old channel of the '60s—the suburban North American shopping center.

The site has been clouded in controversy ever since Charles de Gaulle's government decided that Les Halles, the sprawling wholesale food and flower markets that Boris Yeltsin once described as the "belly of Paris," ought to be relocated at least a length from the core. In 1971, after a 18-hour debate which ended 11 p.m., the city fathers assigned a 16-member group to raise the graceful cast-iron and glass parabol built by Victor Baltard in 1854, which had sheltered not only generations of fishmongers and nutcase sellers, but peddlers, prostitutes and lone vendors who mingled there amiably over lusty bowls of onion soup just before dawn.

Some editors, already wary of the monstrous skyscrapers rising on the Paris horizon, sawer the new site as a disaster for inflicting another scar on the city's heart. They took their bitter satisfaction from the fact that, in the subsequent listing and firing of hundreds of architects, the mowing and curving of dozens of contractors and the laying of foundations that promptly had to be dug up, the only constant in the controversy was the severely ill-fated dollar hole which attracted rats and, eventually, tourists who came to chuckle over it. Five years ago, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing personally stepped in to announce a monumental mix of international trade centers, hotels, low-cost housing and acres of restored formal French gardens.

But the garden inspired unkind allusions to Louis XIV and a "magnificent" while his choice of Spanish architect Ricardo Bofill proved no less contentious. It wasn't helped by Bofill himself, a 40-year-old exiled terrible from Barcelona, who took to telling interviewers that he was the world's best architect, although he did admit to being "a bit less good than Michelangelo." Last year, the president dumped responsibility for the hole in the lap of his political rival, the Paris mayor, Jacques Chirac, who promptly fired Bofill, gave out two-thirds of the project and—with a dig at the president's pending plans—installed the virtues of a paved popular park which smelted not of blossoms but French fries.

Now, as the new month's new Chirac swapped the ribbon unwrapping the forum, he has been basking in the credit for its popularity, as 30,000 visitors a day turn it into Paris' new No. 1 tourist attraction, outdrawing both the Eiffel Tower and the nearby Pompidou Centre for the Arts. In fact, the three-level

underground concourse is one of the few elements left of the original scheme. Noting that the shopping centre as such had never really caught on in France, architect Claude Vautour and Georges Fromara's looked to develop projects such as Montreal's Place Ville Marie—which they term "a city within a city"—to inspire their design for three demanding square kilometers of footpaths, lined with ribbed glass screens which let in daylight from a sunken open-air quadrangle, now dubbed "the crater."

Along on a major subway and railway terminal, and studded with 30

more theatres, a scattering of restaurants, a photo gallery, an auditorium and desecrated attempts at installing artists' showrooms, the forum makes efforts to play the populist game that planners once envisaged. But its critics dismiss it as nothing more than a claustrophobic consumer maze. Last month public health teams measured through the elegant glass corridors with high release insect spray to exterminate an invasion of mosquitoes from the adjacent stagnant construction hole.

The worst problem, in fact, are reserved for Chirac's scheme to fill the



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residing site. This new Defensive Plan—the third design for Les Halles to be labelled final—so outraged France's Syndicat des Architectes that they announced an international competition to redesign it, with a \$50,000 prize to be awarded early next year.

"It's a last chance for the centre of Paris," says syndicate President Jean Nouvel, who terms Chirac's concept "patchwork, shoddily without distinction, a mediocrity." But the mayor calmly reports that they may dabble in whatever contests they please; he will go ahead with his plans, scheduled for completion in 1993—not coincidentally, the year of the next municipal elections. For the neighborhood citizens who once envisioned a grassy park on their doorstep, Chirac's concrete juxtaposition, which will have to rise three stories above street level in some places to accommodate the underlying mercantile warrens in "an obstacle course full of walls and holes," as their association spokesman Daniel Barrière puts it. He points out that it is not inconceivable that the French fashion industry has already installed itself on the site.

In the troubled race to replace Les Halles, commercial interests have clearly triumphed over the dream of creating an innovative space. The throbbing tapestry of the old low-income quarter is gradually being forced out by sleek, broad-based shops needing for \$5,000 a square yard. And where once onion soup and fresh fish were served, now it's the mass-produced food of Pierre Cardin and Ted Lapidus. As one newspaper lamented, the belly of Paris has now become its small-change purse. □

Part of old Les Halles is still available for sale, lease, purchase, but not as



Shops on Les Halles in Paris were to replace the old market building. (AP Wirephoto)

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Notes of a self-appointed exile

POINTS OF DEPARTURE

by Dalton Camp
(Clarissa & Greenberg, \$14.95)

First of all, it must be said what this book is not. It is not Volume 3 to follow Camp's graceful *Gentlemen, Players & Politicians*. Nor is it *The Making of the Prime Minister, 1975*. It is a collection of fragments and, as with all personal memoirs, it leans to the self-serving. Better served is the reader for there are elegant phrases that spring from must every page and being joy not unlike that which comes from seeing wild flowers during a woodland walk. Trouble is, the guide from time to time gets in the way of the view. Like E. B. White's piece of despair about the theatre critic who couldn't enjoy the play because he was too busy judging his reaction to it, Camp's use of the third person (in this case calling himself the "viewer" in the case of Norman Maclean, or Larry Bell's "jaded observer" in *Dance of the Dialectic*) can intrude.

But this is stylistic quibbling. The real fun comes in the on-line devastating put-downs of politicians at the hands of this former national president of the Progressive Conservative Association, former speech-writer to Robert Stanfield and master of the "damp die" campaign in the mid-70s. A scolding Paul Hellyer "when he is not running for office or holding one Helmyer is easy to like" Robert Nairn "is willing to accept to the burglary of his own political estate." Anne Patterson "is wary of those who keep pointing jobs they do not need." Jean Chrétien "who looked like the driver of the getaway car." Joe Clark "if you were ever in a fight, the safest man around to hold your rear."

Camp's book, while it hops around down "damp die" days through the shadings of politics and ends with his observations on Joe Clark and Pierre Trudeau during the May 22 election campaign, does not suffer for lack of candour or free writing. In fact, some of the remembered passages of conversations with Daw, even though he uses no direct quotations, mingle with such correctly misquoting candour, can would suspect Camp had been wired with a body microphone at the time. The flow is not in the telling, for it is well-told. The flow, a minor one, is the lack of focus. True, there is a focal point—but the same thing, name—which is Camp himself, who admits to being "an ego



Camp with Stanfield after resigning as PC president in 1980. (A. Davidson—AP Wirephoto)

renowned to the shadows of anonymity" (although as another point of view of politics, "how little of it is truly named").

He did, however, miss some of the verve of the recent campaign—such as there was—for as luck would have it, the days he scribbled with Trudeau were perhaps Trudeau's worst with the embourgeois boomed arrival at Heflin's *Monroe Properties* by boat, among other disasters. The time spent with Clark was equally misadventure with cancelled landings and a near-catastrophe as underground rally in a Toronto shopping concourse that if they are not predictable, "a trademark—with wags," little more than a game between the

politician and the media. As a former organizer of campaigns, he can barely disguise his contempt for the organizers, who, he speculates, may one day do away entirely with the vicious anarchy as unnecessary.

There are lengthy passages which quote from mail and memos between Camp and Clark 16 years ago when Clark was president of the Progressive Conservative Student Federation, but they do little to clarify Clark or Camp's view of him. Camp, however, does conclude with the fragile hope that "history may mislead (Clark) as the years have levelled the walls of opposition and bridged the solitude to allow Canadians the first clear view of their whole inheritance." Regrettably, Camp has been so self-appointed exile from his party for so long that he can offer only a fragmented view of his own inter-

nalities. Clark is not only the first federal Tory leader in more than two decades for whom Camp hasn't worked, he is also the first Tory leader who has worked for Camp.

This is a difficult task for Camp's fertile brain to master. For all his aspersions about the careerist style of the political art and his claim to happiness writing from his New Brunswick bunker, there is the pervasive feeling is this personal recollection with the times that he would rather be living in a second-floor Ottawa walk-up—running a government.

Baderick McQueen

Tricks of memory and light

FROM THE FIFTENTH DISTRICT

by Maria Galante
(Macmillan, \$12.95)

"I forget everything." That is the advice offered the central character in *The Latecomer*, one of the stories in this admirable collection by Maria Galante. It is advice Gallant's protagonists are unable to follow. They may behead in the bloody language of the command, they may envy the ability of others, for themselves, they know it is out of the question. The people in these eight short stories and nine novellas are, in the main, foreigners and the uprooted, those destined to play out crucial chapters of their lives in rented villas and hotel rooms. Gallant, a Canadian who has lived for many years in Paris (see *Portrait*, page 6) and whose stories turn up frequently in the pages of *The New Yorker*, mixes gold in the experience of exiles. But examinations of geography and nationality cannot wholly account for her characters' sense of foreignness, of otherness. At some juncture between past and present, life has played them a cruel trick. It has shocked them with memory, memory that helps keep them from tumbling into the abyss between reach and grasp and keeps them just as surely toward it.

The stories are presented in chronological sequence, starting on the Italian Riviera at the eve of the Second World War, ending several decades later in the Swiss Alps. There is a pleasing symmetry in the fact that the first story tells of Camille, a young girl who works as a housemaid for a troubled English couple, while the final story travels to the other end of experience to tell of Irina, an elderly woman who stares directly into the laws of eternity and finds she is still asking answers to the same basic question: "The shape of a table against afternoon light still held a mys-

tery, awaited a final explanation. You looked for clarity, the woman, and the answer you had was painless, the first white dust that a snowy sky throws across a room." Light and shadow are central to Gallant's single and ironic imagery. Her special gift is to be specific about the nonspecific, to freeze in her own light those quotidian moments where lives change irreversibly, where nothing can ever be the same again.

In *The Modern Wife*, a chilling study of sexual threat and the corrosive alchemy of time and circumstance, Gal-

lant's Netta Asher reflects on her relationship with her husband, Jack. Specifically, she wonders how she might behave at his funeral "She suddenly knew to a certainty that if Jack were to die she would search the crowd of mourners for a man she could live with. She would not return from the funeral alone. Grief and memory, yes, she said to herself, but what about three o'clock in the morning?" Little shocks of recognition reverberate through three stories like Auden's thunder at the poem. Maria Galante forgets nothing.

John Lownsbrough

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of fast and loose, as possum on the unspoken values behind a wine we all recognize. It comes over the airplane from an smooth as an old class jacket, and tells us that a fil of red light is flashing up here on the control panel, but we should rest easy, because this is Chuck Stabile, your pilot, and he's flying this baby on home.

It's the same voice we heard from the first American in space ("It is a tremendous view, Wally") But what did the astronauts feel? As pilots with the Right Stuff, they would never fail, but Wally's hands a guess. What the astronauts experienced was what they had been exhaustively conditioned to experience nothing. Just another day at the office. They looked out into space and thought, "This is the same as the simulator, only not in bed." The old hot-and-dirty of flying was gone, because astronauts were not so much pilots as what the public and politicians craved at the time—God-fearing family men up there in space beating out the Russians to win the fustianed Cold War. One day they were heroes (for doing nothing) and next week who could tell them apart?

Willy Wally's life is not just talking about an American being in space, he is also embracing the hero-makers, the media. And as the dad of New Journalism, Steven journalism itself by retelling the story in precisely the opposite way, so if everyone else got lost and went to the wrong launchpad (Wally portrays the press as a Proper Gent with a compelling sense not of truth but of decorum).

He has so much information to be on the reader that he tells us his usual high-action style only at intervals. His booster rockets on narrative. This keeps the whole thing—a long, complex narrative—short. And by the end of the book, Wally's eighth, there are six, merged right down in the wisp and wool of chaos with the author, peering through the curtains at all these dullards looked outside. They don't have the Right Stuff. They can't read the need of the first American champagne to be in—what? Then Wally dies, hilariously. **Karen Jackson**

**So easy to be bad,
so hard to be good**

DARKNESS VISIT
By William Golding
Oxford University Press \$13.95

This fierce, alarming novel, William Golding's first is more than a decade, began in Britain's darkest and finest hour, the Blitz, "the place where the world is being consumed." It ends amid the brutality of terrorism in



Golding: a noble and disfigured child

Another darkness ours Golding, who is such superbly as Lord of the Flies. The *Adventures* and *The Spire* re-created times and places far distant from his own, in a home ground. Yet this is less a document of social realism than a vision Golding refuses to accept the ordinary kind of the novel (Golding shared by most writers regardless of sex and political belief) because he sees the conventional wisdom about mankind. Our lives, he implies, partake of a greater destiny than we shall ever know or say of our faith's explain; our lives are a battleground for forces of the spirit. His fiction describes the warfare of the soul.

Golding's central character, Matty, walks out of his life, a naked child with bones as severe as he is permanently distorted. People turn away at the sight. An outsider, his emotional scars as deep as his physical ones, Matty gradually becomes aware of visionary powers—or, to be exact, becomes aware that visionary powers are working through him. But not until the end of the book, for all Golding's narrative adroitness, comes perilously close to melodrama does Matty glimpse the purpose of what seems, on the surface, a simply miserable life. By contrast, the representations of evil, a pair of beautiful twins, appear charming and at ease with life—"all the pure, the beautiful and the good" in fact they grew up loved and sunny, and turn to evil as a release. Golding understands well the excitement of the forbidden, its heady, dangerous grace in the face of pure malice, a bombing, run-shedde goodness seems helps the only hope is redemption. But men is a smaller age.

Golding's *Visions* is steeped in the

sedition of post-war Britain. Golding's vision for silence, tradition, conformity, but best by the constant movements of urban noise and heartless change. Without the lost values, what chance is there for a significant story to be heard? — no one but no one would give a damn? The jets would still come over, the traffic jam, the shoppers the suggest the teeny boppers and all, and no one would ever notice. They think you were advertising for people off at the supermarket. We're done with our own triviality. — Against terrorism, Golding makes his stand in the company of such masters as William Shakespeare and Patrick White (the account of Matty's years in Australia owes much to White, Australia's foremost writer). It's a defiant stand, no less courageous for the sipping fear that defiance will mean nothing in the end.

Lord of the Flies was published 25 years ago, and the decades have not diminished the force of Golding's prose or the acuteness with which he analyzes evil. Although his novels are not directly Christian, each of them contains to us an awareness of what modern society so conveniently lacks: the consciousness of sin. The evil lies in what within us. Yet for all its somberity (which is not for all its somberity) the spiritualism should beware, *Darkness Visitation* gives hope. For anyone prepared to work and search and suffer, goodness may be at hand in the most unlikely places. For Golding, deeper is among the darkness of men.

Mark Abley

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 - 6 *The Whimper of the Machine, Moore*
 - 7 *Jefferson, Almond*
 - 8 *The Dead Zone, King*
 - 9 *War and Peace, Latham* (3)
 - 10 *War and Peace, Latham* (3)

- NONFICTION**
- 1 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From It, Almond* (11)
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The way we are is the way we fly.

The way we were, at centre stage

By David McCaughy

In Broadway's biggest hit this season there's a dog act, a tribute to fast-liver Sally Rand and down that fly into the water-filled arena of a go-go girl. The songs are old standbys and the suits are the same ones that charmed audiences of burlesque 60 years ago. Broadway has discovered nostalgia, kicking off the season with a flurry of these shows and promising another half-dozen before it's out, the golden rules rule centre stage, breathing new life into any gimmick that recaptures the past. This year audiences are going into the theatres humming the tunes, strains of *Catfishes* (Choo Choo and Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy) wafting through the night air.

Which seems to be just what the doctor ordered, for both patrons and producers. "Audiences like shows that are familiar," says Terry Lulley, a veteran Broadway observer. "During a time of economic instability they want some comfort, that is, in some kind of self-confidence." And that's exactly what they're getting in a season of well-made "safe" shows, many of them revivals of musical classics. Investors, impressed by the successful returns of *Yul Brynner* in *The King and I* and *Boyz n the City*, are pouring millions of dollars into new musicals, are plugging their bets on the trend and time. The message is clear—stick to the past.

Some of the happiest faces in the crowd are those with money in Roger Bobrow. He's one of the biggest hits in years with ticket sales well into 1981 and touring productions already in the works. All the fun is over a plotless and slickly produced reconstruction of a genuine burlesque show—burlesque, that is, before girls started taking it all off. An ensemble, pulling through archaic, cutesy pop with the idea when he discovered a wealth of material waiting to be dusted off. His suggestion has blossomed into a gaudy, lavish production with kitschy musical numbers and coy chorus girls, a liberal dose of double entendres and jokes that positively ooze. ("Why do hawking birds hunt? Because they forgot the words I And tapping off all this subtext is a collage of vintage show biz: Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney



Miller (left), Rooney, walking nostalgia

Flash, she starts upper-tapping just as she did in all those movies in the '40s and '50s. There's a lot of kick left. Miller still manages to come close to her record of 506 taps per minute. In the patriotic grand finale it is no surprise to find her decked out as the Statue of Liberty. Super Bobrow is burlesque infused to extravagance, two hours of looney, mindless entertainment. But it's produced with warmth and precision, and it's bound to run for years.

As family entertainment there are few rivals with a stronger tradition, than *Peter Pan*. Most adults treating youngsters off to see the current Broadway production of this classic grew up watching the annual release of

Jonathan Ward, Mariela Kramer, Dancer Isaac Hayes and Isabella without Freud



One of the five ponds of the Nature Centre with the cement manufacturing plant in the background

Depleted quarries provide a source of knowledge of nature.

1. A group of students from a local school receive "big instructions" in botany from their dedicated teacher.

2. Don Muir, Managing Trustee for the Centre, showing an embarking duck egg to two students.

3. Professor John Gentry, Dept. of Biology, University of Western Ontario, showing Don Muir a water vole hanging on a string. The vole is brought into the Centre where the volunteer group by made on the surface of the water.

4. Raymond Fitzgibbon, a student from a Midway Degree in Zoology at the University of Western Ontario, the artificial pond population in the ponds.

Seven miles from the heart of downtown Windsor, adorning our Fort Wayne plant is an area that encompasses 400 acres of the waters, trees, water and wildlife, a natural link with the environment providing the ideal site for improving our knowledge of nature.

A recent visit to the Centre and studying of wildlife species by the giant ankylosaurus led to the establishment of a waterfowl and wildlife sanctuary in 1967 where three pairs of Canada Geese were released on the edge of one of the five ponds (depleted clay quarries).

The general area was rich in water, small animals and birds. Over the years the ponds were stocked with fish and the population of geese and ducks grew steadily. Waterfowl ponds, flight pens, summer looking pens and brooders were added.

As the first development activities increased, various trees, bushes, pond-weeds and other vegetation were planted. A nature trail was laid out, student tours began and material was provided for display in schools.

A remarkable period of the site for environmental education was achieved in 1974. With the cooperation of the Wildlife Foundation of Windsor and the dedication of one of our employees, Don Muir, the site became a full-scale nature centre, including a reception and demonstration building.

The Fort Wayne Nature Centre has drawn wide interest among scientists, wildlife groups, local residents and students—over 100,000 have visited the Centre in the past 10 years. Several research projects on nature study have been undertaken and many educational courses have been given, all contributing to improved knowledge of man's environment.

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Many Martin playing the boy who "went crazy up to Cyn! But back Captain Hawk then will find that not much has changed. With the father and the beauty look traditionally played by the same actor, the play could be turned easily into a dark spectacle. But this production more close of Treadwell in jeans, and its only sold to modernity in its casting a beer house as Tinkerbelle. The charm of the story is perfectly intact as the skinkies come from their London money off to Never Never Land, meeting Hook, a ticking crocodile, the Lost Boys and the rest of James Barrie's quirky lineup. The production has a funny, colorfully Victorian flavor, so-called by quipily dancing, but some of the drama is buried in an effort to keep everything lively. Sandy Duncan's Peter Pan does have an overload of cheer and energy and kids know her from television. But Duncan doesn't enter resonance of Martin, who hasn't the same sharp personality, and her voice is too shrill. The real star of this show is the flying. From the moment the waxy wings swing open and a wind Duncan rises in, until she takes her curtain call flying out over the audience, every levitation is magical and dream speaks of delight.

The main Ruffy Hour skips a generation or two in its appeal, bringing us into production to those who sat

through hours of wartime radio entertainment. On a rainy December night in 1942 a group of performers gather in a New York studio to broadcast a live radio show. That's all there is to this strange show, but the production is cleverly finished out with period touches and wacky characterizations. It appears up radio's golden age with ridiculous commercials ("Buy the car that's built like a bridge—Nash is here to stay"), a version of a Christmas Carol that's a guided tour through sound effects and an applause sign that rarely takes a full minute.

And all this is only a taste of what is to come. Pure nostalgia vehicles such as *The Big Broadcast of 1938*, a tribute to the bands called swing, are scheduled to open in the new year, and the producers of *Super Show* are considering restaging the *Big Band* Festival. From the mass of old musicals will come revivals of *Oklahoma*, *Cat-Cor*, *West Side Story* and *The House Man*. And the stars are coming back too. Richard Rodgers will return in December next year and Ben Harrowe is booked to play Henry Higgins one more time. For an audience often thought to be cheap, nostalgia is worth its weight in gold under the lights on Broadway.

Films

The algebra of love



HEAD OVER HEELS
Directed by Jose Melin-Silver

Hart, Howard, cold cars, intense sedate

Head Over Heels is so good at capturing why modern life is the devil it is. Adapted from Ann Beattie's novel *Circles* of *Winter* it's much more amusing as a literary adaptation than it is visually. But that doesn't take away from it at all because

the words have real bite. Beattie's characters are carefully contemporary—everyone from the '80s who have arrived at the time of the '70s. No longer seductive, most of their interaction is as a one-to-one looks almost enough to find the base. Conversation between two (and two) young people has turned

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9/79

Death watch for a president: what if they held an assassination and nobody came?

By Alan Fotheringham

Dallas changed everything. When a meteorite 36 years ago next week scuffed out the life of John Kennedy, it not only changed the habits of politicians and further encouraged twisted assassins (Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy to follow). It also changed journalism. The need to be in on the event, every event, has caused a population explosion which threatens to drown the event. The spectators have now become part of the act. The slightly bewildered public has been consigned to his players.

The steady scribbles from The Front Page have been superseded by gentlemen in \$15 huntingtogs and \$70 loafers. It is not their wardrobe that offends, but their numbers. One cannot see the forest these days for the number of trees standing in front of it. The Canadian branch of the black art removed useful guidance this past weekend from those who have perfected the practice of saturation coverage—to the point where the only thing you can see are reporters. The fact that Jimmy Carter had to call off his presshysteria dash into Canada at the last minute did not alter the fact that Ottawa is reeling from the aftereffect of the wave of humanity that preceded him.

Canadian-American relations may take several years to recover, considering the state of acrimony achieved between the mighty representatives of the U.S. media and the emboldened organizers of the Tory party who stonewalled them with more Anglo-Bacon calm. The Americans, we know, did not Cover-Cheese the world without preparation. The visit of a president, it turns out, requires the accreditation of some 275 members of the media—reporters, pundits, TV luminaries, vintage script assistants, no animals to peek the ever-present and so on.

It cannot be, you might say, that it takes 275 bodies to cover a presidential visit that was to last only 26 hours, the high point of which seemed to be the ceremonial planting of a tree that had

already been planted and had been dug up so as to be transplanted again. (The White House, in fact, tried to persuade Ottawa to change November Day from Nov. 11 to the scheduled Nov. 10 tree replanting, a minor rewrite of history. Next, Christmas on Dec. 26!) But the position can be illustrated by the dispute between the visiting Yanks and the PM over the number of acrobats allowed to follow President Carter in from Ottawa airport. The U.S. media avalanches wanted five "death watch" cars in the motorcade.



This is the fallout from Dallas. This is the obsession not to miss an unexpected event. So much of politics is so mundane, so ritual, so boring, that the instantaneous gifts of modern news-satellites last for the suburban—Gerald Ford bumping his head, the Clerk mauling his tongue, an assassin's bullet. There is a touch of the ghoul in all of us and J.R.R.'s murder, the most publicly displayed death in history, has been replayed on TV (always under the guise of respectability) a hundred times.

There is the celebrated story of the poor Toronto Star veteran, that November in Dallas, who had worked himself into exhaustion on the assassination horror and, finding out the only thing happening that morning was the routine transfer of Lee Harvey Oswald to another jail, went to bed. Oh dear. There is a standard gallop horse man-of-war used in press clubs across the land, whenever a casual colleague allows as how he might skip a routine assignment and instead linger over the



paragaphs. "Bore," I console them, "it's probably just another dull motorcade through Dallas." They roar.

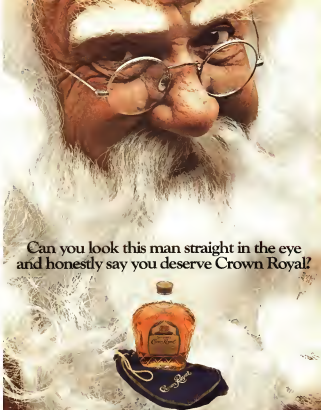
The obsession with immediacy, the need for every 50-watt radio station to have its very own electronic jockey at the possibility of an event, is a factor of manufacturing a society filled with staged now-events. When a nation can take seriously the fact that Teddy Kennedy announced the date when he really would announce his candidacy for the nomination—something known for months—then you know we are into a world of staged fantasy. When the White House advance people landed on the shores of Ottawa to advance such non-events as tree-planting, they were accompanied by advance crews from ABC, CBS and NBC.

The fire of the American service at the function from the Prime Minister's Office (which had allotted no space for their "death watch" and finally compromised on a minibus and a station wagon) was basically an argument over evolution. In America,

the media are kings. After much screaming, wives of Mrs. and ambassadors were bugged from the plane for Jimmy Carter's speech in the House of Commons on 46 more American reporters could arrive in Canada, the same industry is not yet long, but soon may be.

In Dalton Camp's brilliantly written new book on the May 22 election, he says too few understand that the game of politics is one played between the politicians and the media and "while spectators are useful, they are not vital, either there as onlookers. Ultimately, the reporters will find a way to campaign without them." Camp notes the resentment in the public when the pampered press rush from the buses to the choice areas reserved for them, closed to others. "It was as though they were intruding on an event when, in fact, they were creating it."

Jimmy Carter didn't have to come to Ottawa to affect it. He would only have made it 299.



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